FROM "POILU" TO "YANK"

WILLIAM YORKE STEVENSON

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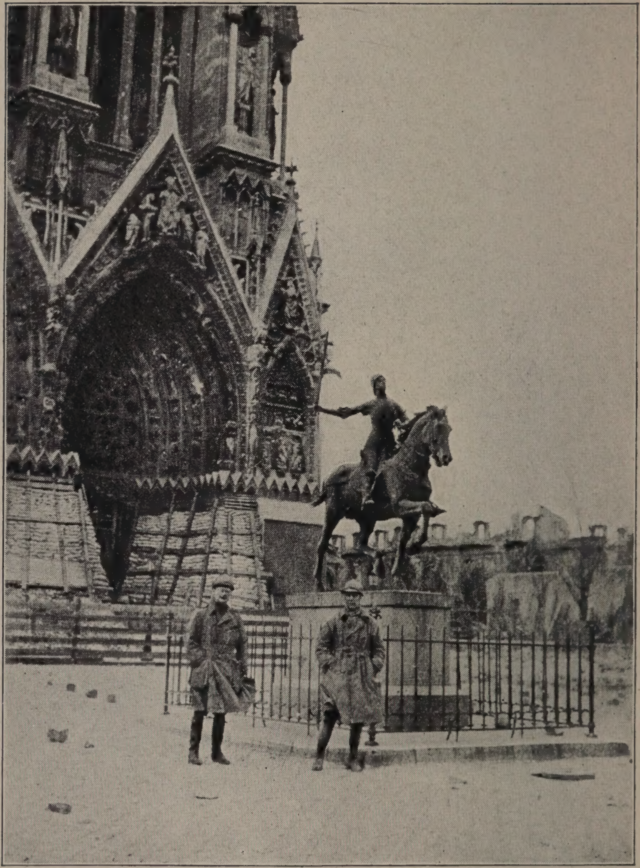
FROM "POILU" TO "YANK"



JEANNE D'ARC AND THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS

The author and Paul Kurtz standing at the foot of the statue

FROM "POILU" TO "YANK"

BY

William Yorke Stevenson

Section No. 1, *American Ambulance,* 1917

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

When we parted from the happy-go-lucky heir to Leslie Buswell's famous Ambulance No. 10, — now, alas, defunct and gone to its long rest on the scrap heap, — he and his somewhat wheezy "Ford" had just gone through the fiery furnace of what at that time was regarded as the greatest battle fought by the French armies since the battle of the Marne — the victorious battle for Fleury–Souville–Tavannes, near Verdun. That the young American volunteers had done their full duty on that momentous occasion appears without comment on the last page of the lively account of the fray as described by the author of *At the Front in a Flivver*, where the citation of the entire Section No. 1 in the order of the Army Corps is reproduced. This was awarded for the brilliant and devoted work done by the Section in the months of August and September, 1916. It is a curious fact that one year later, Lieutenant Stevenson's account of the battle and of the sort of work done by himself and his companions, so highly recognized by the heads of the French Army, received further confirmation from a source which, though humbler, was even still better qualified to pass judgment upon its quality.

The incident referred to is sufficiently singular to be given here. It was sometime in early November of the following year — 1917 — that a French officer of infantry, Lieutenant Froument, arrived on leave in Philadelphia, where he had lived many years prior to the war, earning his living as instructor in languages in a well-known school. That he had distinguished himself in sundry places of danger was attested by the array of his decorations. Not only did the much-valued Croix de Guerre appear upon his breast, but four silver stars enhanced its value, in addition to a Russian order.

To the inquisitive reporter of a Philadelphia evening paper, who interviewed him on his arrival, he obligingly told the story of each star, every one of which represented a citation for bravery. When he reached the fourth, he told the following story, which in its essential part was published in the *Evening Bulletin* in its issue of November 10, 1917, where it was read by thousands of people on that evening: —

It was a year before, at Verdun, on the 4th of September, 1916, in the fight for Souville, that, having received orders to go forth with his battalion of two hundred and fifty men to hold the fort against an expected German attack, he went over the top. Upon arrival at their objective, the men were surprised to find it lifeless. On penetrating it they discovered that it had been occupied by the Germans the night before, but that the tremendous shelling of the French batteries had destroyed the occupants. None but dead Germans were found there.

The French battalion then passed to Bois-Chapître, a short distance, which, the attack having come on, they held against the Germans' violent onslaught. Their numbers, however, from two hundred and fifty were reduced to forty valid, unwounded fighters. But the attack was repulsed. All officers had been either killed or wounded. No medical help was at hand. Lieutenant Froument could not stand: both legs had been damaged — three splinters having struck his right leg while seven had seriously crippled his left. This had occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon. His captain, wounded in the head, had lost an eye and was suffering acutely. One of the men suggested that if the badly wounded men could manage to drag themselves to a certain road a mile or so distant, he thought that they might be picked up by some American ambulance, should one pass empty, as that was one of their routes on duty.

It was nine-thirty, however, when the wounded men — the two officers, a badly hurt sergeant, and two seriously wounded men — were dragged over the distance that separated them from that road, on the forlorn chance, and placed literally with their backs to the wall of a ruined fort, to await such developments as fate might send them. The road was then under shell fire.

When asked how long they had waited, Lieutenant Froument smiled a weary smile. "At such times, moments seem hours. I could not tell you. I was past taking note of time. It seemed years to us." The road was being shelled, and the helpless men's feelings cannot well be described. Finally, an American ambulance hove in sight. As it approached the men hailed the driver. He stopped and came to them. He was business-like and cool. Fortunately his ambulance was empty. He carefully loaded the five men into his car, said Lieutenant Froument, "as deliberately as though he had been in his own house, although the shells were bursting around the spot." Indeed, quiet speaker as the Lieutenant seemed to be by nature, he rose to something very near enthusiasm as he later described the incident. He had spoken to the American and had found that he was a Philadelphian. He wished to see him, if he had returned, to thank him for what he had done. He wanted to shake him by the hand, for he was a brave man.

One may well understand his feelings of relief and what this thing meant to him and his comrades. But it gives one a realizing sense of the work of these young men. To them, such tasks are all in the day's work. In his two years of service this man had picked up hundreds of similar cases; but to each man who was picked up, it might mean his life.

Well, the five men and the "ambulancier" reached the "poste de secours" at Dugny, near Fort Marceau, and the driver went his useful way. Lieutenant Froument was three months in a hospital before he was about again. A long period of convalescence followed before he was sent to this country to become a member of the Bureau of Information at Washington.

Meantime, thousands of people in Philadelphia had read his story as cursorily given in the paper, and among those thousands was a friend of Lieutenant Stevenson, to whose mind it seemed familiar. Turning to *At the Front in a Flivver* the entries for the beginning of September were referred to, and sure enough, under date of September 6, 1916, the following entry was found: "One man I carried by the way, asked me where I came from, and I answered, 'America.' He said, 'I know; but what city?' I said, 'Philadelphia.' 'Thought so,' he said. 'I lived for years at Thirteenth and Pine Streets, and taught in the Berlitz School there!'"

After calling up the Berlitz School to verify the correctness of these facts and finding that Lieutenant Froument had taught several years in that institution, from which he had retired in 1914, the friend in question wrote to that officer and arranged for an interview with the family, which took place on Christmas

Eve, 1917, in which most of the above details were obtained. As he left the house, Lieutenant Froument said that ever since that day he had tried to meet his friend-in-need and he asked Mr. Stevenson's friends when they wrote: "Please tell him that I have tried to thank him for what he did. It was our duty to defend our country to the last man; but it was not his. He and those who like him came over from this side, leaving every comfort, went into that hell to help us — that was magnificent. Please write to him that I came to thank him."

After the great battle of which the above is but an infinitesimal personal episode, the volunteer "ambulancier" had returned on leave to spend Christmas with his family. His intention was to return on February 1, but having met with an automobile accident in which he was hurt, it was only toward the end of March that he finally sailed on the Espagne, to return to his work. Soon after his arrival on the other side, the United States at last proclaimed war on Germany. This at once altered every one's attitude in France toward this country — a change which our author was quick to perceive upon his return. It also greatly altered the situation of the volunteer ambulance service.

As Mr. Henry Davis Sleeper, the able administrative officer of the American Ambulance Field Service, and its representative in the United States, has so well put it in a report issued in the winter of 1918, in which an account of his stewardship is given: —

"During the present period of our transition, in justice to those who have given themselves so unsparingly to this work, there could have been no other policy than for us to have offered as prompt and complete coöperation as possible to the United States Army Ambulance of which we are to become a part, and which has to accomplish in so few months so great a task. If we cannot, perhaps, wholly repress a sense of regret in having to yield all rights of administration, and the personal satisfaction which an intimate knowledge of each day's achievement in such work as this means, it is compensation to remember that the Americans whose courage and energy these past three years have made so fine a record in France, and those of us here whose privilege it has been to stand behind them, are now able to turn over to our own army at one of the greatest moments of need in its history, so useful an organization."

Under these conditions, it was impossible that the transition stage from the volunteer system to that of the regular army should have been accomplished without some difficulty. There was perhaps no man in the service who felt the change more keenly than did the author of the present book.

When he returned to France in April, 1917, there already were rumors of plans and adjustments by which the service was to be passed over to the United States Army. This created an uneasiness among the boys which manifested itself in an effort to forestall the event by personally changing into other arms. Aviation exercised upon all an irresistible fascination, and all who could qualify passed from the Ambulance Service into aircraft. Next to flying, the artillery was the most popular. The necessary increase of the Transportation Service, in which the French authorities requested the assistance of Major A. Piatt Andrew, also created unrest, as the former "ambulanciers" were offered inducements to enter that service, the least popular though the most indispensable of the various services that go to form the efficiency of an army.

Taking it altogether, the summer and autumn of 1917, preceding as they did the final elimination of the wonderful volunteer organization known as the American Ambulance Field Service in the creation and support of which so many prominent people had taken a creditable part,—none so honorable, however, as the young drivers themselves, who had kept up the traditions of the founders of this great commonwealth in going forward at the crucial hour to assist France, the France of Lafayette, of de Grasse, the France of Franklin, — was a period of considerable unrest among the boys and of anxiety to their officers.

In the forthcoming pages, Lieutenant Stevenson throws side-lights upon the feelings of the college lads who, at that time, largely constituted the personnel of the corps. He, also, in one of his conversations with an intelligent French officer,[1] shows of what importance to France thinking Frenchmen thought the Ambulance Field Service over and beyond its concrete usefulness to the sanitary department in providing intelligent carriers. This importance lay in the interest which their presence in France created in her struggle among the men's friends and relatives in the United States. Whole communities took pride in their action. Whole colleges and universities had their attention directed toward the questions involved in the war by the fact that their graduates had gone into the mêlée, and through their letters these became unconscious propagandists of the truth and the greatness of the cause. When the boys won distinction, their alma mater, their home town, the newspapers of the various localities burst into acclaim, in which the cause for which they had toiled so bravely was extolled, while other young men, fired with enthusiasm by their example, enlisted in the hope of doing as well. Thus was daily increased the subtle influence that was gradually strengthening the love of France among the generous young manhood of America, and through the young manhood, among all who were connected with it.

---

[1] See pp. 111, 112.

While Lieutenant Stevenson had from the beginning hoped to go into aviation — I believe that he tried four times to do so, but was rejected owing to imperfect sight — he did what he could loyally to promote the interests of the Service, when the final adjustments were made for the elimination of the volunteer American Ambulance Field Service, and its merger into the American Army. Of course, the change was more than a mere signing into the Army. The boys under the volunteer system had felt that they were, so to speak, a sort of club or fraternity, whose headquarters were at 21 Rue Raynouard. Of course there was a certain amount of discipline. That is, when they went too far, they usually were quietly sent back to Paris. But every one evidently wished to be easy with them. This appears clearly through the pages of the present book. There was a camaraderie between officers and men which found expression in a fellow-feeling when things happened, disturbing to a proper conduct of the work. All this made the transition somewhat difficult, and still more irksome was the constant need for reporting and recording which was required of the commanding officer — and which we call red tape. But while these things were realized they were accepted and acted upon with regularity.

Before the passing away of the American volunteer took place finally, on January 1, 1918, however, Section No. 1 was privileged to see some glorious days, not only in Champagne, at Craonne, at the Chemin des Dames, Route 44; but at Verdun, Hill 304, and Douaumont, and other points, now famous, during the great French victory of August–September, 1917, when for the fourth time the "Section Solitaire" was cited, this time before the Army, an honor which added the palm to the Croix de Guerre on its Section flag, as well as to that worn by its French and American commanders.

Meantime, while going through the horrors of this wonderful war, as well as through its excitements, the "ambulancier's" life, as presented by Lieutenant Stevenson, was not without its charm for men who were good sports and who loved life in the open. It is largely this spirit which pervades Lieutenant's Stevenson's writings, as well as his sense of humor, that makes his books good reading. He deals with the gruesome side of war, as he does in his appreciation of the Boche character, with an easy philosophy that has all the merit of originality. One understands what he thinks, but he does not quite say it. And that is restful in these days of penny-dreadfuls.

THE EDITOR

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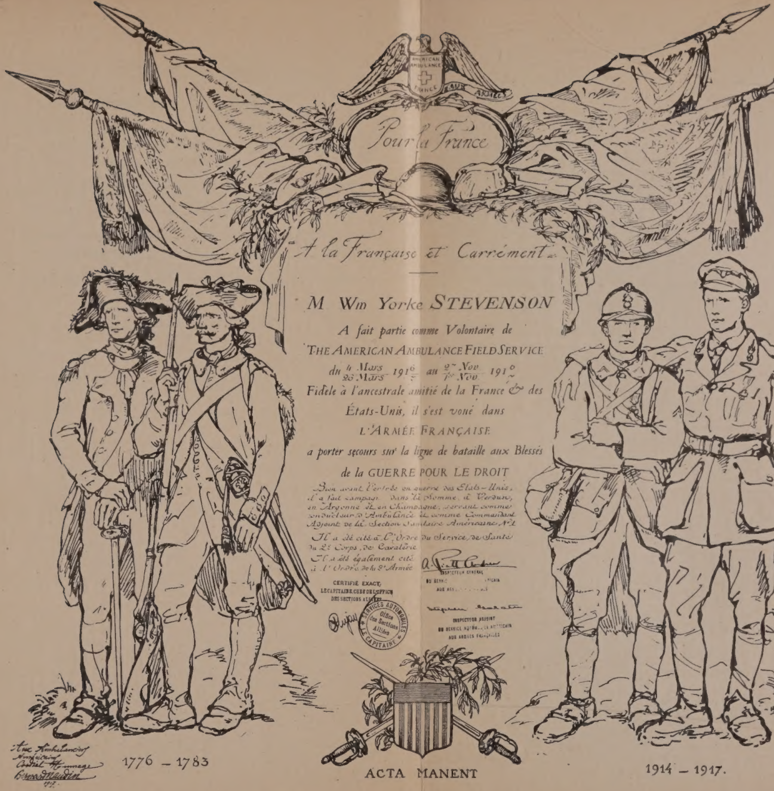

Pour la France

A la Française et Carrément

M Wm Yorke STEVENSON

A fait partie comme Volontaire de

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD SERVICE

du 4 Mars / 20 Mars 191 6/7 au 2 Nov / 1er Nov 191 6/7

Fidele à l'ancestrale amitié de la France & des

États-Unis, il s'est voué dans

L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE

a porter secours sur la ligne de bataille aux Blessés

de la GUERRE POUR LE DROIT

Bien avant l'entrée en guerre des États-Unis, il a fait campagne dans la Somme, à Verdun, en Argonne et en Champagne, servant comme conducteur d'Ambulance et comme Commandant Adjoint de la Section Sanitaire Américaine N°1

Il a été cité à l'Ordre du Service de Santé du 2e Corps de Cavalerie

Il a été également cité à l'Ordre de la 2e Armée

A. Piatt Andrew
INSPECTEUR GÉNÉRAL
DU SERVICE AMÉRICAIN
AUX ARMÉES

CERTIFIÉ EXACT,
LE CAPITAINE CHEF DE L'OFFICE
DES SECTIONS ALLIÉES

SERVICES AUTOMOBILES
Office des Sections Alliées
LE CAPITAINE

Stephen Galatti
INSPECTEUR ADJOINT
DU SERVICE AUTOMOBILE AMÉRICAIN
AUX ARMÉES FRANÇAISES

Aux Ambulanciers
Américains
Cordial Hommage
Bernard Naudin
1917.

1776 – 1783

ACTA MANENT

1914 – 1917.

FROM "POILU" TO "YANK"

PART I

March to July, 1917

THE BOY-VOLUNTEERS
THE DRIVING BACK OF THE GERMANS
CHAMPAGNE — RHEIMS, CRAONNE
CHEMIN DES DAMES, ROUTE 44
BATTLES ON THE AISNE

FROM "POILU" TO "YANK"

CHAPTER I

RETURN TO THE FRONT

We heard the deep vibrations of a bell,
The Tongue of Fate that, tolling on the blast,
Repeated o'er and o'er
"Awake! your horoscope is cast;
The Old World and the New shall live apart no more.
Awake! the Future claims you."

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

AFTER waiting three days in New York, where, by the way, I had a wonderful time with friends, I sailed on the Espagne at three o'clock on March 26 — a glorious afternoon.

There was quite a crowd on board — among them Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous, whom I found a very pleasant-spoken sort of chap. On the next day, I ran across Charley Clark[1] who is going back to work in the Harjes-Norton Section with six or seven others. The last time I saw him it was back of Verdun by the light of a lantern. Before that, we had n't met for ten years.

---

[1] Charles Motley Clark, of Philadelphia, son of the late Clarence H. Clark and his wife, who was Miss Motley of Boston, a niece of the historian of the Netherlands.

Gradually, I am getting to know the twenty boys of whom I was put in charge by Hereford. Most of them are extremely young, but, on the whole, they are a decent lot, and they'll soon get the range of life over there. There are three aviators on board, one of whom, Zinn by name, was in the Foreign Legion. He was wounded, and got transferred to the Aviation Service. The others are American Army aviators who are going to study French methods.

Of course, we have the customary German raider scares. We had one this afternoon— it turned out to be a Dutchman.

On the third day out, I ran across Miss Harriman, with whom I crossed before on the Rochambeau. She says that she could n't stand the United States, and simply had to come back. She is working in the Société des Dames de France and she is thinking of making her home in France.

On March 30 we had a scream of a night! A blessed fool by the name of Brown got some of the boys together and insisted on my getting up a meeting of the Norton-Harjes and the American Ambulance Field Service men, and to have them addressed by Drs. Carrel and Powers.[1] Then, out of a simple conference, the news spread, and the whole ship turned up in the smoking-room, and *I* had to introduce the speakers! Then, as if that were not more than enough, they called on me to give a talk on the field work. But I dodged that, and they made Charley Clark talk. After which they called on me

---

[2] Dr. Powers, of the American Red Cross.

again. But I only said a few words of thanks to the previous speakers. It was an awful bore, but the thing seems to have made quite a hit. The funny part of it to me is that I was a sort of master of ceremonies to the great Alexis Carrel, of all people in the world.

April 1. We went through boat drill, life-preservers, and the rest. Also, we had an auction this evening. The son of one of the owners of the line, Ducrot by name, was auctioneer and did it very well. He netted about three thousand francs for practically nothing.

I had an interesting talk with Havemeyer, who is taking charge of the Paris end of the Norton-Harjes Ambulance. They are going to standardize their cars on the American Ambulance system — Fiats and Fords.

A patrol boat came close to us to-day (April 4) and evidently gave us instructions. We are now in the War Zone. We should sight land to-morrow.

I met Dr. Reese, who is going over to take charge of a hospital near Bordeaux for the French War Relief Committee of the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania. He was in London at the time of the first Zepp raid. Then he went as ship doctor on an English transport, taking troops from Australia to Gallipoli, Egypt, South Africa, and Salonica. In the doing, he got chased by submarines, was wrecked on the coast of Africa, etc. A most interesting companion, for, besides all this, he is one of the few survivors of the "First 100,000." And now he is going to Beaumont-du-Périgord![1]

---

[1] Dr. Reese has made a fine record for himself at the hospital and in a wide radius of the neighborhood, where his name is blessed by the inhabitants. The hospital is run by the Delpit family, one of whose daughters teaches in Smith College, and another at Bryn Mawr, where they have many friends who help them in their fine work. (*Editor.*)

April 5. Arrived at Bordeaux at noon with my twenty recruits, having seen no warships whatever all the way over: only one patrol boat. I dined with Charley Clark and Frauntz, and took the ten o'clock evening train for Paris with Havemeyer, of Harjes-Norton.

I left my men in charge of Clark, who had to stay over to get his Packard off the boat and put it together. The innocent lamb had cut the châssis in half, because they told him that the cranes at Bordeaux could not lift it off the ship as a whole. Now, he's got to have it joined together. I suggested hinges, so he could go around corners like a snake. It turns out that the cranes here handle up to five thousand pounds! Old Charley is certainly sore.

April 6. I went to Henry's, where I met Ned Townsend, who told me that "Woodworth" has superseded —— in charge of Section 1. —— apparently did n't size up and Lieutenant de Kersauson de Pennendreff got Andrew to recall him.

I called at the Rue Raynouard and saw Mason and Arboter, chiefs of Sections 8 and 2 respectively. They are returning to the States. Piatt Andrew, Galatti, and Cartier seemed delighted to see me and said many nice things. Also Ewell. The boys of Section 1 have arranged for me to come right up, keeping a place vacant for me. So I leave with Ned Townsend on Saturday for Bar-le-Duc. The Section is "en repos" at Vadelaincourt. Took dinner at Maxim's and afterwards went to the Folies Bergères.

April 7. Dined with Persons, Fred Dawson, Ned Townsend, Waldo Peirce,[1] and Webster. We went to the Olympia afterward and had quite a time. Waldo is as funny as ever. He has gone back to his art work. Dawson has gone into some sort of diplomatic service, and was just back from Egypt.

---

[1] From Bangor, Maine, graduate of Harvard, member of S.S.U. 3.

War is declared at last! Andrew, however, says that the Ambulance Service will continue and probably will be taken over by the American Army, if an expeditionary force is sent. Of course, there is a remarkable difference in the attitude of the French toward the Americans. At last we are treated like human beings. American flags are flying all over Paris.

Arrived at Bar-le-Duc with Ned Townsend at 5 P.M. Every sort of courtesy was shown us. The gate man hardly looked at our tickets. They even passed our luggage free. We leave on the postal wagon to-morrow, as we are no longer allowed to run into Bar-le-Duc to get our men, on account of shortage of essence.

April 10. I spent Easter at Vadelaincourt. Woody,[1] Sponny,[2] Kurtz,[3] and the "Loot"[4] fell on my neck. We had a triple celebration for Easter, the war, and my return! The "Loot" opened wine. Later, the French aviators and mechanics joined us with more wine — we had quite a time. The French contingent of Section 1 read us a regularly prepared speech welcoming us as allies. We did not expect this, so after some argument, I was made to get up and answer.

Last night, the 9th, the Boches made an air raid on us, dropped bombs, but did no damage. The mitrailleuse would n't work, so we contented ourselves with firing rockets at the planes!

---

[1] Benjamin Woodworth, of California and Germantown, Philadelphia; killed in Champagne. See page 67 *et seq.*

[2] James M. Sponagle, of Gloucester, Massachusetts. He is now First Lieutenant in charge of Section 622 (old 65).

[3] Paul B. Kurtz, of Germantown, Philadelphia. Killed in May, 1918, having left the Ambulance Service to enter Aviation.

[4] Lieutenant Marquis Robert de Kersauson de Pennendreff. See *At the Front in a Flivver*, p. 59, *et seq.*

One of the men who took the places of Walker, Wallace, Culbertson, Tison, and me in December last, was fired for getting drunk.

April 12. We are moving to-day to Dombasle and take over Section 12's job in the Mort-Homme-304 Sector, where Kelly, of Philadelphia, was killed last September. Our Section was there in February and had a beast of a time, the thermometer being below zero and the roads almost impassable from snowdrifts. So many cars were out of commission, owing to the inexperience of the new men, that not a single citation was given, although the work was almost as severe as it was on the right bank at the time of the battle of Fleury and Souville.[1]

---

[1] The Section received a belated citation eventually, however. (See *infra*, page 37.) Also Messrs. Wood-

An aviator was describing to me to-day the new anti-Zeppelin flame bombs. They can make a curtain of fire in the air, now, alternating with shrapnel. This was how the Zepp was brought down a month or so ago. The new aeroplane bombs, too, are wonders. They carry as much explosive as a "420" and only weigh fifty-six kilos. He tells me that most of the attacking squadrons have left Verdun, and are now grouped around the Champagne district and to the north, as indeed are the picked French troops.

There are a great many more Portuguese about, some two hundred thousand, it is said.

April 13. I took No. 5 over to Dombasle, then came back and took over No. 17, as their drivers were on "permission."

---

worth, Hibbard, Kurtz, and Townsend got a citation for their winter's work around Hill 304. (See *infra*, page 41.)

After noon word came that Ned Townsend had broken a rear axle at Esnes, close to Hill 304. So I was ordered to take No. 18, my new car, with "Eddy" Sponagle to fix it. We passed the place where Kelly was killed and Sanders was so badly wounded, and saw the famous Mort-Homme. We were in plain sight of the Germans about one thousand yards away. They were lobbing "105's" over our heads into the Bois d'Avocourt. Then we came in sight of Hill 304 and found Ned. It took us about two hours to fix him, but the Boches let us alone. We got back at about 7 P.M. for a cold supper.

I spent this morning tuning up No. 18. In the afternoon General Herr, the Commander of the Sixteenth Corps d'Armée, inspected us. We were introduced to him individually and he said some very complimentary things, remarking that with the entry of America into the war "the combat would be shortened.” He prophesied that great things shortly would be doing. Amen, I say.

The “Loot” announced that we were leaving the Verdun Sector and the Second Army in a few days to get into the great battle now beginning in Champagne. Fine!

General Herr was formerly in command of the Sixth Army around Verdun, when the Boches began their historic attack in February, 1916. It is said that he disregarded the warnings of the aviators and failed to take sufficient defensive measures. He was recalled to the rear, and only recently has he been given important commands again — first of a division, and later of the army corps he now commands.

April 14. Section 15 arrived this morning. We moved this afternoon. Our first scheduled stop is at Châlons. We are to join the Fifth Army somewhere near

Épernay. Flynn[1] took Lidden of the new Section to the Esnes "poste." On their way, at the bad corner, two shells dropped right close to them on the road, leaving several big holes in the car and ripping the whole back out of Lidden's coat! Surely a remarkable escape, and "some" experience for a brand-new man on his first appearance on the firing line. He had to remain at the "poste" for twenty-four hours, too!

---

[1] Robin Jay Flynn, California; now in the Canadian Artillery.

CHAPTER II

CRAONNE — BERRY-AU-BAC

There was a Vale of Peace I knew and there,
Where lustful breezes paid a dangerous court
To flowered beauties and kindred sort,
Where poppies bent their flaming heads and rare . . .
. . . . did sweet dreams abound.

Came Discord, of a day, and Iron Wrath
Strewing Destruction vast along its path . . .
A man-made earthquake, by a mad-man willed
And shattered all my Vale of Peace and killed
Our flowers . . .

E. M., S.S.U. 2
American Field Service Bulletin, August 3, 1918

April 15. I made a quick trip from Dombasle to Châlons and slept there last night. We had quite a party in the morning with Hibben, Stockwell,[1] Kurtz, Woodworth, and Sponagle. I left Châlons this morning, lunched in the woods, and reached the outskirts of Épernay this afternoon — a village called Vaudancourt.

---

[1] Roy Stockwell is now Lieutenant in the Field Artillery Service, A.E.F.

There is here a bully sixteenth-century château. Everywhere we are greeted with enthusiasm, now.

We are quartered at a small champagne grower's place. He sells us the finest vintage for four francs a bottle; it is the sort of stuff he sells to Pol Roger and to Pommery for eight hundred francs for two hundred and sixty bottles. He says the best recent vintages are those of 1904 and 1906, and that they are almost as fine as the famous 1893. The 1905 vintage also is very good but scarce, as everybody drank it "ad libitum," owing to the uncertainties of the war. The Boches also, I regret to say, took away a good deal. What a waste of good stuff!

April 16. The French attacked Soissons this morning with one hundred and forty-eight tanks. The big Champagne offensive, for which artillery preparation has been in progress for the last week, is on. To-night, fifty more tanks are to attack south of Soissons. We are still awaiting orders.

Woodworth, Kurtz, Stockwell, and I went into Épernay for a bath this afternoon. Two new men have joined us and three "permissionnaires" have returned. One of the new men is a second M——, but may develop. The other seems to be a good "scout" and quiet. The bunch, as a whole, looks a good deal better than some of the letters I had received implied.

April 17. We have left Épernay. The call came at 4 A.M. and we started at once. We passed through Rheims at 9 A.M. and proceeded toward Soissons.[1] We saw a good many Russians, who still seem to be here in considerable numbers. Last night's attack was very successful. Seven thousand prisoners were taken. The Russian troops figured in it as well as the French.

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[1] Just one year later — March 21–31, 1918 — the Germans rolled over the identical ground.

Our orders came to roll at 7 P.M. and the whole Section went out. We handled the wounded from Berry-au-Bac and Craonne.[1] There was heavy fighting and heavy losses. The Russians suffered severely, but notable progress was made, and some fourteen thousand prisoners were taken.

The receiving hospital is far to the rear; the traffic congestion was frightful. The roads were scarcely fit to move over. Nearly all the cars got lost or ditched at some time or other during the night, but nevertheless all, save Orton, got back all right. He broke his steering-gear.

I was ditched once, but got out again with the aid of a passing "camion." The

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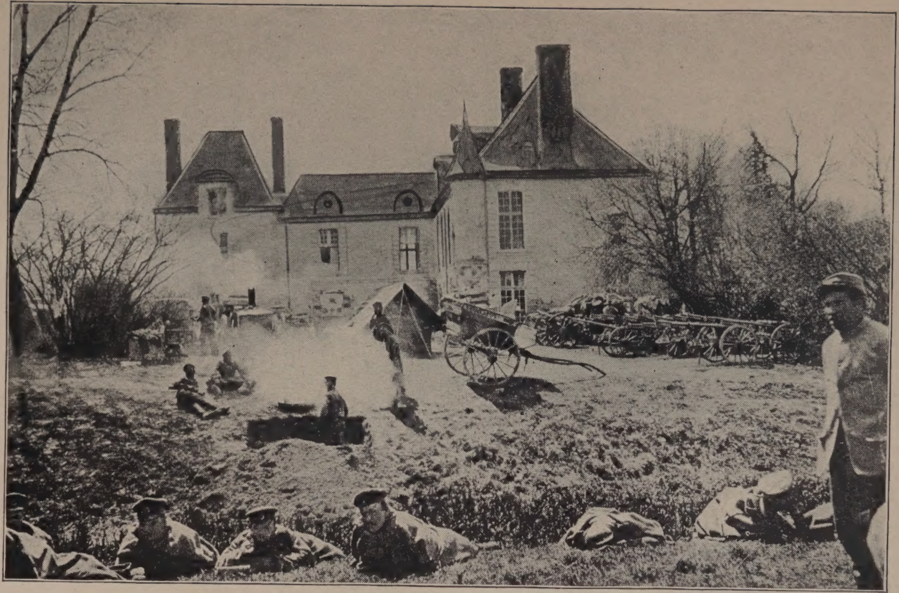
[1] The very ground that was re-invaded by the Germans and heroically fought for again by the Allies, reinforced by the Americans, in the spring and summer of 1918.



RUSSIANS AT CHÂTEAU DE BELLEMONT, 1917

hospital was so full that we had to wait four and five hours before the cars could be unloaded, and the wounded, naturally, suffered terribly. As usual, it rained and it was also very cold. I got back at seven in the morning to our headquarters at Muizon.

These quarters are quite comfortable. They are in a handsome château which dates back to 1658. We share it with a battery of auto-cannon. There are a bunch of "370's" and "400's" around us, and the explosions shake even the two-foot walls of the château. There also are many heavy guns mounted on cars along the railway line.

April 18. Orders came this afternoon that we were to roll again to-night. Fortunately I had some sleep to-day. My gear-bands were pretty nearly worn out last night, shifting them so continuously in the heavy traffic. I doubt if they will last through to-night. They will have to be changed to-morrow at all events. The attack is still on despite the rain.

April 19. Such a hectic night! I carried Russians from Châlons to Antilly. There I found that the place was full. After a long argument, I managed to get rid of them, however. They lost three thousand wounded and six hundred killed out of ten thousand!

When I got back and had gone to bed, a sudden influx of Russians going into "repos" turned up, and we were all forced to double up! The place is just jammed with them. The stench is something fearful and they are covered with lice! It is awful! The whole place now is in a mess.

After they had been bedded down, around one o'clock in the morning, and we had all gone to sleep again, the gas alarm sounded and everybody had to hustle out and get his mask. As usual, it was a false alarm and we turned in once more.

At about five o'clock we were awakened again, this time by bombs falling around the town. Two Boche aviators were trying for the railway. They finally were driven off.

The Russians, of course, steal everything they can lay their hands on. I've already lost my shaving-soap and glass. Many have self-inflicted wounds on feet and hands in a vain attempt to avoid war duty. I hope to God that they may be sent farther to the rear. Their front-line positions have been taken over by the French.

April 20. An interesting day. The "Loot" took Woody, Kurtz, and me to inspect possible advance posts. We had a splendid view of the opposing lines in front of Rheims and the famous Fort

Brimont, which is still holding out.[1] The French have practically surrounded it and the huge "320's" and "400's" are falling on it steadily. The Russians having failed to take it, their divisions are being brought back, and the Chasseurs Alpins, the best troops the French have, are going to attack. We saw the shifting going on, the roads being blocked with troops and artillery.

They say that General Michelet, in charge of the first operations, has been blamed for their failure, and has been demoted to a minor sector. At present cavalry is blocking the roads — the first time I have seen any great amount of it in the two years I have fussed around the Front. The horses are splendid. The men are equipped with lances as well as with rifles.

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[1] This is where, in the spring of 1918, centered a tremendous stand by the French in their retreat.

X——, a comparatively new man of rather surly disposition and most unpopular, was fired by the "Loot" to-day. He got "fresh" with the "Loot" and the latter had just been waiting for a chance to remove him. So he left on the postal wagon. I also understand that L—— has been eased out — not exactly "fired," but that, having gone down on "permission," he will not be allowed to return. He was harmless, but awfully dull. A new man has arrived by the name of Stout[1] who seems to be a good sort. Victor White's brother also has joined us. He is very much like "Vic" in mannerisms and general looks — quite an "air de famille," as our French allies would put it.

April 24. I went into Rheims with a man who owns a good deal of real estate in and around the town. He found that one of his block of houses had been burned and another had been badly damaged by shells. There are still about four thousand civilians who linger, as against an *ante-bellum* population of seventeen thousand. Nevertheless, market was going on as usual, and, as the shells were coming in at three minutes' intervals, the civilians with their baskets would gauge their movements accordingly, running from cellar to cellar like prairie dogs. One man with a long beard was particularly funny. He popped out of a cellar, galloped to a post-box, mailed a letter, and scurried back, his beard streaming in the wind. Three dead horses were lying at the corner of the square where the Cathedral stands, and the shells were landing there steadily — "220's." The Jeanne d'Arc statue is still uninjured. But the Cathedral is slowly being chipped to pieces.

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[1] Richard Stout has entered the Aviation Service. (*Editor.*)

A Boche "saucisse" broke loose this

morning and came right over our camp. The anti-Zepp battery beside us failed to hit it, but three planes went up and set it on fire, and it fell, a mass of flames, not more than a couple of miles away.

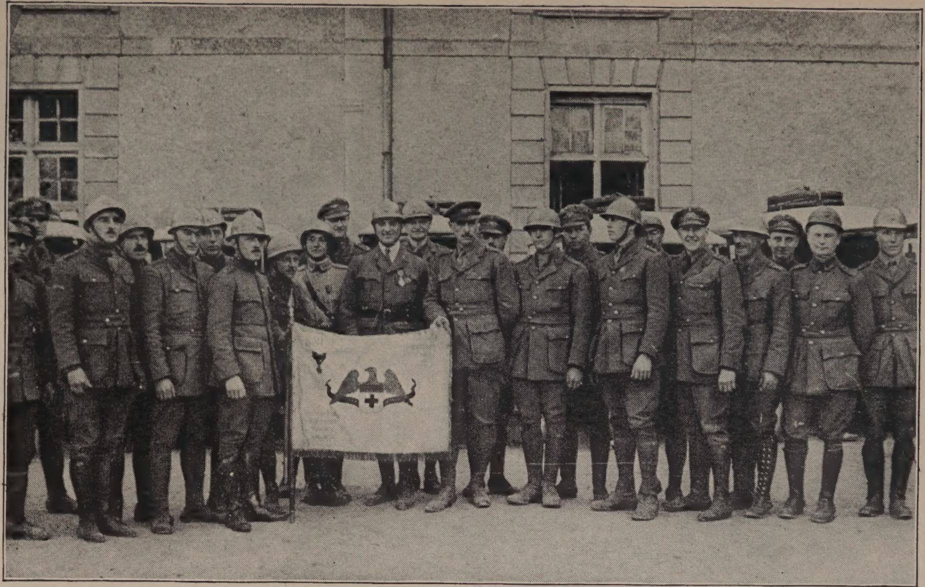
The "Loot" is dissatisfied with our present connections — or lack of them, rather, as we seem to be unattached to anything just now. He is trying to get us transferred again, this time to the Sixth Army near Fismes, where he knows a good many of the authorities.

April 27. While in Rheims the other day, Woody, Kurtz, Sponagle, and I picked up a little fox terrier pup for a mascot. We matched to see who should be the permanent owner, and Kurtz won. We call him "Rheims."

The Germans shelled the railway all day yesterday. One shell landed on a passing cart and killed five civilians. The railway station-master's wife also was badly injured. A Zeppelin went over last night at about one o'clock and dropped five bombs. I did n't even wake up! — but was told about it this morning.

April 29. This was an interesting day. Word came that A. Piatt Andrew was to be decorated with the Legion of Honor. General Ragueneau, General Nivelle's second, the head of the entire Automobile Service, and so many other "stripers" that it reminded one of Sing-Sing, turned up. The cars were formed in a square in the château's courtyard, and some two hundred troops formed a square in front of them.

Section 1 had been selected as being the oldest Section in the Service, and Andrew's own Section besides. The day was perfect; Andrew arrived and presented us with our new Section flag, with the Croix twice starred on it, and the names of the battles in which we had served: Dun-



SECTION 1 AND ITS FLAG AT MUIZON

A. Piatt Andrew stands behind the flag

kirk, Ypres, Verdun, Somme, Argonne, Aisne, Champagne — some eight or ten names.[1]

We were introduced to the General, individually; and, after his speech, some of the older men were invited in to drink the health of France and the United States: Sponagle, Woodworth, Kurtz, Stockwell, and I were chosen. As it happened, the big guns were roaring straight ahead, behind and in front of us. In addition, Boche aviators chose the moment to drop bombs on Muizon (our town), and the anti-aircraft batteries were going full tilt. One bomb fell into the Vesle right near our tent. We had been swimming in the stream but a short time before. It was a splendid "mise-en-scène" for such a military ceremony.

Andrew incidentally asked Kurtz and

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[1] The Section Flag carried three stars and one palm at the end of the season. (*Editor.*)

me to agree to be Section chiefs if he needed us. We acquiesced rather from a sense of duty than from any real desire, as it means a sacrifice of personal liberty. I asked to be allowed to stay for a month or two, and our "Loot" also kicked like a steer. So Kurtz and I go down next week and I am not to be called till June. Andrew also says that, if all goes well, we may get commissions in the American Transport Service which he is forming. He expects to get, and the French Government has asked for, ten thousand "camion" drivers as the most useful immediate aid the United States can give, and those of us who talk more or less French and have had experience will be called upon to furnish material for minor officerships.

Too bad that our third citation could n't be "pulled off" with the big ceremony. As it was, seven minor French officers were decorated with the Croix de

Guerre after Andrew's Légion d'Honneur award was given.

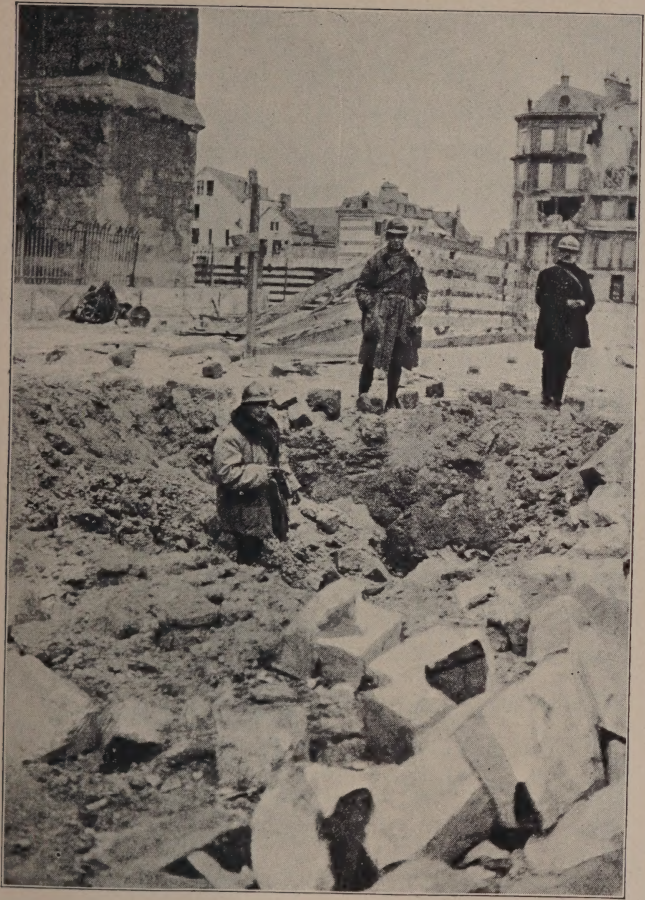
April 30. We heard this morning, not without grim amusement, that one of the German bombing machines, by mistake, had dropped a big one right on the prison camp not far from here, and thus killed or injured some fifty of their own citizens last night! A case of taking their own medicine, all right!

We had quite an excitement after luncheon. An enemy aviator came over and got four "saucisses" in succession right in front of us. Some of the observers got away in parachutes; but a couple were followed down by the blazing balloons, and, I fear, killed, as there was little or no wind. The "Germ," apparently, got away untouched, although every gun in sight was firing at him.

May 1. Kurtz leaves to-day to take charge of the new Section 18, known as the Cornell Section. Everybody is sorry to lose him. He was a first-rate worker and a good comrade. A new man, by the name of Patterson, has arrived. He was on the Penn Squad for three months, and got transferred.

Ned Townsend, Woodworth, and I saw "Kurtzy" off at Épernay. We "kidded" him about the Boche aviator who came down close to the ground and wiped out the company of Zouaves with his machine gun, yesterday afternoon, by the same train. I tried to get a bath at Épernay, but all the attendants were upset because of the bombs dropped on the gas plant and the café last night. There was quite a fire afterward. No baths for us until too late this afternoon to enable us to get back to Muizon in time for dinner.

May 3. Lieutenant de Kersauson de Pennendreff — otherwise known as the "Loot" — and I took a long walk and



BENJAMIN R. WOODWORTH (left), PAUL KURTZ (center), AND J. M. SPONAGLE (right) AT RHEIMS

Woodworth is in the shell-hole of a 380. A corner of the Cathedral shows at the left

saw the fighting for Brimont again; also the little gunboats that used to be on the Somme. There were many Boche aviators out bombing. Four new men have arrived. They look fairly hopeful.

May 4. The Germans have finally managed to set fire to the main part of Rheims. The Hôtel de Ville is burning now, and the little café on the corner of the square where we always stopped, was "crowned" by a "220," just before we got there today. The proprietor and his family narrowly escaped by going into the cellar and then getting out again before the house burned down over their heads. So the Section pup's home is gone. The heavy bombardment of Brimont still is in progress, and it looks like another French attack on the fort. I trust it won't be such a failure as the last.

May 5. The French attacked and made four kilometers, but they lost half their gain later. The bombardment still goes on. I went into Rheims with the "Loot," Woody, and Flynn. The Hôtel de Ville is now gutted, and our little café is a heap of ruins! What strikes one as odd in all these French bombarded towns is, that the men always are equipped with helmets and gas masks, while the women and children go about just as usual, bareheaded or with a shawl, in the most unconcerned manner!

May 6. We got the shock of our lives last evening. Orders came for Lieutenant de Kersauson — our "Loot" — to leave Section 1, of which he has had charge for two years, and take over the new school at Meaux for training of ambulance men to be American officers. It certainly was a "jolt." For the "Loot," of course, it means a captaincy, when he gets through with the school and takes charge under the new plan of four sections of ambulances or trucks, each with an American Lieutenant.[1] Meantime, we have a temporary Lieutenant for the next couple of days when our new officer is to arrive. No one knows anything about him.

We got some champagne and we saw our Lieutenant off at about ten o'clock in the evening in a driving rain and thunderstorm. It was a gloomy party. All chance for the "fourragère" for the Section is gone now, as it required a hustler like de Kersauson to put it over, by placing the Section in a position to earn it.

May 7. The new temporary officer arrived last night and seems a good sort. The regular Lieutenant turned up later, so for the time being we have two "Loots"; but the temporary one leaves this morning. He was a generous fellow and most amusing, and he ordered champagne all around. He told us that his wife came from Denver, Colorado; that he himself was a Cornell man. He certainly understands things American. His sister is at Bryn Mawr College! It all seems very familiar, does n't it?[1]

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[1] This new system has not yet been put into operation. (*Editor.*)

Our regular officer, by name Reymond, has been wounded, has the Croix, and was only recently promoted to a stripe. But he also talks English with facility and looks like a hustler — but has never been in America. Will he understand the boys?

There seems to be more infection about, this spring, than there was last year. Quite a number of the men have infected hands, some quite severely. Kenyon had both hands so infected from minor cuts that he had to go on sick-leave. Wilson also is on sick-leave for "la gale," while

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[1] He was Lieutenant La Forgue, and is now a liaison officer with the American Army. (*Editor.*)

THE AUTHOR AND THE NEW FRENCH LIEUTENANT OF SECTION 1, JAMES REYMOND

Townsend, Hanna, Plow,[1] Stout, and Pearl all have had some trouble of the same kind. I managed to ward off a felon with dioxygen and iodine, and Sponagle also staved off an infected cut with gasoline and iodine. I suppose that this is due to this part of the country having been fought over so long.

It was at this time that Section 1 was cited for the third time by the General Order of the Sixteenth Army Corps, Staff First Bureau.

Citation to the Order of the Army Corps

The S.S.U. No. 1, American Sanitary Section

Under command of the Second Lieutenant de Kersauson de Pennendreff and of the American officer Herbert P. Townsend, at the Front since January, 1915, has been particularly distinguished by a devotion, a dash, and a courage worthy of all praise in the execution of the Service, particularly before Verdun and during the attacks of January 26th, 27th, and 28th, 1917, in the course of which it has assured, night and day, the evacuation of numerous wounded from a poste de secours at the Front line to the Ambulances through a road exposed to sight of the enemy and constantly subjected to the fire of enemy artillery, so that many cars were struck by shell fire.

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[1] Richard Plow is now in the Canadian Artillery. (*Editor.*)

(Signed) GENERAL HERR
General Commanding the 16th Army Corps

May 9. We were shelled last night by big fellows; but nobody was hurt.

May 10. The Lieutenant-Colonel and his staff, who have been occupying with us the Château de Muizon, moved out this morning to a place farther away from the lines, because of the recent shelling; so we now have much more room.

May 12. I had an interesting afternoon to-day. I went down to the front line with the new "Loot," Woodworth, and de Maré, to see a colonel, who is de

Maré's brother-in-law, in an effort to get attached to his division. After getting disconnected from the old 32d, de Kersauson had hoped to "hook up" with a live one, but with the loss of de Kersauson, our chance for a good berth disappeared.

The fellows, however, have kicked so that Woody has taken matters into his own hands. Meantime we sit around, and read, eat, swim, play ball, and sleep.

The Colonel received us kindly and cordially enough, and said he would do what he could. His dug-out was twenty feet underground and it was interesting to watch the handling of a regiment in the trenches by telephone. He said that he lost six hundred men and twenty officers in the last attack, which failed owing to insufficient aviation and lack of heavy artillery. Altogether he was very frank, and hardly optimistic.

We went into the observation posts and saw the Boche lines, only six hundred yards away. Coming back we saw an aviator fall in flames into the German lines. I could not make out whether he was an Ally or German. Anyhow, it was a fierce sight, and the only comforting thought was that he must have died almost instantly.

May 15. We have organized two baseball teams. The "Back and Forths" and the "Here and Theres." We have games every day, some of them most exciting. We have quite an audience of "poilus," too. Of course, the playing is rather weird, but we get a lot of fun out of it.

I went up with Woody, Hibbard, and Gamble [1] to call on Mrs. Tolstoy, an American girl, a Miss Frothingham, of Boston, who is nursing at the Frigny Hospital. She married a Russian. She knows the

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[1] Robert Gamble, of Jacksonville, Florida. He is now an officer in the Aviation Service.

Frothinghams of Philadelphia. The Comtesse de Benoist-d'Azy is in charge of the hospital.[1] The latter tells me that Mrs. Tolstoy's name has been sent in for the Croix de Guerre for her work in the recent bombardment of the village in which the hospital is located. It appears that a woman was killed in the street, and her child, a baby in arms, was taken care of by Mrs. Tolstoy, who, instead of hiding in the dug-outs, went about ministering as best she could to the villagers and soldiers injured by the bombardment. This occurred about three weeks ago. She does n't know yet that she has been cited.

May 16. We had a big night last night. Word came that the old 32d Division had cited Woody, Hibbard, Kurtz, and Ned Townsend for their work last winter around Hill 304. Kurtz, of course, has left us, and Ned is on sick-leave. But Woody and Hibbard opened wine and "a pleasant time was had by all." I guess that's about the last of the Croix de Guerre opportunities. The Section seems to be hopelessly "canned" now. We are unattached and there is not the slightest chance of our getting anything but punk — evacuating work, if even that. It is certainly tough luck to have come all the way over for this.

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[1] Madame de Benoist-d'Azy is a sister of Mr. Scammon Jones, now of Philadelphia. She has been decorated for her brave work.

May 17. One of the "Loot's" friends by the name of Jones turned up yesterday. He is in charge of an English Ambulance Section No. 16, which is near here. Quite "a guy" — half French, half English; wears a monocle. I went in to Rheims with Woodworth and the two "Loots" after dinner and we had quite a party in a new café which we have discovered, where there is a piano and a Victrola.

Jones says that the new French tanks were very badly handled in the Craonne offensive, and that he, himself, saw five burned up. Instead of taking their positions during the night, they moved up in broad daylight and the Boches simply played with them, shelling with phosphorous igniting shells. Their gas tanks were badly protected, and it was an easy matter to set them on fire.

A whale of a big gun turned up here today — a 380 marine! The barrel is over fifty feet long and it is mounted on a railroad truck. The French call it "La Reine Elizabeth."

May 18. I hear that Andrew got rid of the French Lieutenant of one of the Sections. It is said that when the Boches attacked a while ago around Hill 304, the rumor got abroad that they had broken through. So this "Loot" lost no time in packing up his things and in running off to a town well back of the lines in his staff car. And then he telephoned to the Section, which was working night and day, that, if they needed him, they could find him at this rear post. The Germans did get a couple of hundred yards of trenches, but the Americans remained on the job *in spite* of their "Loot"! So the latter duly faded out of sight.

Woody and I took a four-"striper" and a priest into Épernay yesterday. He corroborated all we had heard about the failure of the spring offensive.

Finally we have obtained a little direct front-line work. Only one car for twenty-four hours, though, evacuating four little front-line "postes de secours." Everything is quiet and we are merely given this because we have been "kicking" for a month both in Paris and with the local army heads.

May 22. Lieutenant Jones, of English

S.S. 16, dropped in and asked Woody, the "Loot," and me to dine with him at Épernay. We went down in his car and met Sponagle returning from "permission." We had a very nice "feed" and stopped at Rheims on our way back at the little café. Spone's description of conditions at Rue Raynouard was not encouraging.

May 23. While we were playing baseball to-day, the Boches jumped on two "saucisses." One of the observers came down in his parachute all right. As there was not a sign of wind he was lucky to escape his falling gas bag. The other was simply squatted upon by his burning bag and vanished in a cloud of smoke rising lazily up to heaven as from a factory chimney on a dull, hazy day.

White came back this morning from his twenty-four-hours "poste" work and reported an active night. He had his tire punctured by an "éclat" which landed in the yard of the "poste" at Château-Thierry[1] and simply plastered the French car beside him. Luckily no one was hurt.

May 24. We have been definitely attached to a mixed division — the 152d, much of which is dismounted cavalry. We serve two "postes," Pouillon and Villers-Franqueux — right close up, and we evacuate to Châlons-sur-Vesle. For the moment we will retain the Château de Muizon as the regular "cantonnement." Every one is delighted with the change, and especially with being actually hooked-up with something definite, instead of being a sort of pariah section.

May 25. Disaster! All are plunged in woe! They have spread manure over our baseball field!!

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[1] Where the Americans so distinguished themselves in June, 1918.

May 26. Steve Galatti turned up to-day with the new staff car. He tells us that two Section 13 men were wounded last night over to the east of Rheims. But neither is badly hurt.

May 27. Aviators dropped a dozen bombs on the town this morning. One fell within twenty or thirty feet from our tent. The fellows dived under beds or anything conveniently near. One man fell into the "feuillée" in his excitement.

May 28. We saw a thrilling plane fight over our heads to-day. Two Frenchmen brought down a German. The latter's gas tank exploded, and then they fairly riddled him with their mitrailleuses. He wormed down slowly, and finally fell in the field near Muizon. It proved to be a three-man plane. One was dead, the other two only slightly wounded. The motor was a six-cylinder Bruz, with four valves to each cylinder — a beautiful machine.

It carried two mitrailleuses. The "Germs" were made prisoners and were rather roughly handled before an officer came up and took charge of them. The machine was nearly stripped bare by souvenir hunters.

A poor ape, a new man, — or rather child, — went up to the front-line "poste" at Villers-Franqueux yesterday, on the regular schedule, and got an "éclat" in his front wheel. Immediately, he rushed over to the Médecin Auxiliaire and got him to write a sort of signed affidavit that it had occurred; and then took it to the Lieutenant with the idea that it was good for a Croix de Guerre. The whole Squad are having the time of their lives with him now! Every time anybody goes out in his car, he brings back a receipt and solemnly presents it to Woodworth. Flynn says he's going to get a book like the messenger boys' and produce it at each hospital, saying, "Here are two blessés, sign here."

May 29. I was at the Pouillon "poste" for twenty-four hours with Flynn and Weld,[1] interchanging at Villers-Franqueux. We had pretty active shelling at intervals. I climbed up in the church tower and watched the lines through binoculars. I could see the shells falling steadily on the trenches, but saw no troop movements.

Our "abris" at Villers-Franqueux are amusingly named. One is "le Métro"; another is "Ça m'suffit," which the men pronounce "Sam Suphy"; still another, "Grotte des Coryphées," etc. Shells were dropping around near, and the concussion of one caused the sandbags of our "abri" doorway to cave in partially blocking the entrance.

I went up to the Front at 3 A.M.; dawn was beginning to show. I nearly ran into a camouflage which had been hit by a shell and blocked the road. Found only one dead man, and came back. The "Germs" are only six hundred yards off here and the road is in plain sight.

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[1] Garneau Weld is still in Section 625 (old 1). He has just been awarded the Croix de Guerre (July, 1918). (*Editor.*)

We have to make the run at 3 A.M., whether called or not, as the only means of communication is by messenger, the telephone being cut so often by shells that they have given up attempting to keep it connected.

May 30. This is Decoration Day. We put up a big flag, and when it was lowered at night we all lined up and officially saluted. It was the first time that we had observed any such ceremony.

I hear that Sam Chew broke his arm cranking his car out in the Argonne, where we were posted last fall, and that he has gone home. His brother Oswald was looking very well a month ago when I passed through there.

CHAPTER III

AMERICA TO THE RESCUE

> Nous apportons ivres du monde et de nous mêmes,
> Des coeurs d' hommes nouveaux dans le vieil univers.
> E. VERHAEREN (*La multiple Splendeur*)

I SUPPOSE that I shall remain until the war is ended; but in what capacity I frankly admit I am at a loss to ascertain. The American Army is arriving, and we are, all of us, wondering whether we are to be given officers' jobs with it, or be merely taken over as ambulance men; or whether we will remain in the French service. Meantime, many of us have put in an application for the Officers' Training School for Americans. As for the present work, things are relatively quiet. The nightly air raids by the Germans do very little damage as compared with their expenditure of expensive ammunition. You see, a bomb can't do much unless it lands exactly on top of the object aimed at, which is more or less a matter of luck!

The first American contingent has arrived, but as yet I have seen none near the Front. I assume that they are being trained "somewhere."

As for an officer's commission, I am very doubtful if I can pass the examination, as the course is quite technical and difficult.[1] You go to a regular training school for six weeks and the work is exceedingly strenuous. After that, you pass into the Transport Service which, of course, is not nearly so interesting as the ambulance work; merely drudgery without the excitement. However, I shall follow the general lead of the volunteers, as no one yet seems to be very clear as to just what to expect.

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[1] As a fact Lieutenant Stevenson eventually passed highest in a class of one hundred and fifty French and American officers and "non-coms." There were two others who did also: Lieutenant Tomkins and Lieutenant du Cassé. (*Editor.*)

It looks at present as if the American Ambulance Field Service proper might remain almost in its present form, the new truck end of it going over to the American Army.

Excepting for the nightly aerial bombing raids and for considerable air fighting during the day, the sector here is relatively quiet just now, and our work is light. The difficulty is to get sleep, as every night the Boches come over and drop bombs on our town, and naturally it keeps us jumpy.

June 2. Back from my twenty-four hours at the "poste." Nothing much doing where we were; but there seemed to be more or less dislike a little farther over toward Craonne. Around Berry-au-Bac, they were pasting hell out of each other, and when I went up to Route 44 "poste" at the customary hour — 3 A.M. — I stopped and watched the argument.

It surely was Fourth-of-July stuff! "77's" and "75's," flares, hand grenades, mitrailleuses, shrapnel, and, now and then, a big fellow, besides the "torpilles"! Coming back I nearly got a "crack" on the head from a camouflage which had been dropped by a shell a couple of hours previously. Incidentally the staff car's windshield was broken by the same camouflage earlier in the evening. The thing had sagged down just low enough to catch the driver's head.

Our "abri," by the way, is "some sleeping-joint." The rats crawl around, over, and under you all night, and the air is evidently meant to train you for asphyxiating gases.

As to food: sugar, tea, coffee, sardines we can obtain comparatively easily; but bacon, catsup, chocolate, salt crackers, good ham, are a great luxury. Orange marmalade, too, is hard to obtain, as the

British Army practically gets the whole output. The war will continue several years if there is to be an end by crushing the German military force. They are quite as strong as they ever were on the Western Front, so long as the Russians are out of it. Their new "77's" are as good as the "75's" now, too, and the Austrian "130" is "a bird"! I can speak with authority, as they are fired at us continually.

June 4. Rice returned to the Section yesterday. Brewer, an old Section 1 man, though extremely young, came with him, making two extra men for the moment. But as Flynn and Hibbard are just now being disciplined for having stayed over in Épernay twenty-four hours, they are not allowed to run their cars or to go off the château grounds, and the new men will take their places for the next ten days.

A Boche plane was brought down by

Guynemer here to-day. One man fell out before the plane came to the ground and there was not much left of him after the Arabs and niggers got through kicking the corpse around. The other was burnt up by the tank or by the carburetor exploding.

June 5. Last night was quite a night. The "Germs" began raiding us about eleven o'clock and dropped bombs all over the place, several falling so close that the flashes lit up the tent and the ground shook! Then, when we thought it was over and were beginning to doze off, another squadron came over and the same thing occurred all over again. Four times did this happen until we were all so jumpy that every time one heard the noise of a plane it seemed to be a Boche. Needless to add that no one got much sleep, and even this morning another raid was attempted! But this time the Huns were

WAKING HIM UP

Baylies (left), Sponagle (right), and Stevenson

driven off easily. Some of the fellows ran over from the tents to the archways of the château, but Woody, Sponagle, and I figured that it was rather silly, as the bombs were so large that the archways were really more dangerous than where we were lying on our tent beds in the open on the lawn, as here at least there would be no flying bricks and stones to speak of.

I received to-day bully letters from mother and C——. Certainly it is a relief to hear at last. The blessed Chicago is so slow that it takes a full month between letters, when the old raft's turn comes.

CHAPTER IV

THE DEATH ROLL

If the bowl be of gold and the liquor of flame,
  What if poison lie in the cup?
If the maiden be fair — our soul's in the game;
If her kisses be death — we'll kiss her just the same,
  Sang the legion of boys who never grew up.

CHARLES LAW WATKINS
American Field Service Bulletin, June 1, 1918
(*The Boys Who Never Grew Up*)

June 6. Went over with Kenyon, Plow, Woodworth, and Sponagle to Fismes, to call on the aviators located there. We had a great time with Guynemer's "Spad" Section and a bombing and scouting Section of Caudrons and Farmans. They have a regular little club-room in one of the hangars, with a piano and bar decorated by real artists.

Kenyon played the violin and one of the aviators accompanied him on the piano. At about eleven o'clock a German plane came over and dropped four bombs within less than fifty feet of the hangars. Needless to say that every one was flat on the ground. Guynemer being there, the Boches are constantly after him and they say that his health is failing. All the same, he brought down two Germans yesterday, bringing his record up to forty-three — which tops them all.[1]

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[1] Guynemer was killed September 11, 1917, three months after this. One is tempted to publish here the remarkable allocution delivered by General Anthoine, commanding the First Army, in honor of Guynemer, before all the flags of the First Army, the aviators, and the members of the Légion d'Honneur, on November 30, 1917, on the Aviation Field of Saint-Pol-sur-Mer: —

"If I have invited you to-day to render to Guynemer the last homage that is due to him by the First Army, it is neither before a coffin nor near a grave. Neither, at Poelcappelle reconquered, has a vestige of his mortal remains been found. It seems as though Heaven, jealous of its hero, had refused to restore to earth even the spoils which as a right should be returned to it — as though Guynemer entire had flown to the empyrean by some miraculous ascension, disappearing in all his glory.

"In assembling on the very spot whence he darted toward Infinity, we pass above the customary rites of sadness which crowned the end of a man's life, and we

June 7. Our old "Loot," de Kersauson de Pennendreff, turned up yesterday and spent the night with us. Allen Muhr and

mean to salute the entrance into immortality of the Knight-of-the-Air without fear or reproach.

"Men pass, France remains.

"Each of those who fall for her bequeath to her one ray of glory; and of those rays is built up her splendor. Happy is he who enriches the common patrimony of the race by a gift more precious, more magnificent of himself. Happy, therefore, among all, the child of France, of whom we exalt the almost superhuman destiny.

"Honor to him in heaven where he reigned so often victorious.

"Honor to him on earth and in our soldiers' hearts, and in our flags, those sacred emblems in which are embodied for us the cultus of Honor and the worship of country.

"Flags of the Second Group of Aviation and of the First Army, ye who piously gather in the mystery of your revered folds the memory of the virtues, the devotion, and the sacrifices, in order to form and to keep through the ages the treasure of our national traditions —

"Flags, ye in whom survives the soul of dead heroes, of which one seems to hear, when flutters your bunting, the voice that orders the living to march on through the same perils to the same apotheoses —

"Flags, may the soul of Guynemer dwell eternally in you.

Reed were along. Both of them are pupils at the Meaux School. It appears that the course is much more difficult than any of

"May it through you create and multiply heroes in his image.

"May it, through you, inspire the same ardent resolves in neophytes who will wish to honor the martyr in the only manner that is worthy of him, by imitating his lofty example; and may it give to his valiant followers, the strength to revive in them Guynemer in his legendary prowess.

"For the only homage that he may henceforth expect from his brothers in arms and that we owe him here, is action — the proud continuation of his work.

"At that supreme moment, where, on the limits of life, he felt his thought about to escape him, when he embraced in one sweep, as through a lightning flash, all the past and all the future, if he could know one last pleasure, it must have been found in his absolute faith in his comrades' power to finish the task undertaken in common with him.

"You, gentlemen, his friends, his rivals in glory, and now, his avengers, I know you; and such as was Guynemer, I am sure of you. You are of a size to face those formidable burdens which he has bequeathed to you and to nobly realize the vast hopes which, with good reason, the country had set upon him.

"It is to affirm in front of our flags, noble witnesses, this assured continuity so necessary, that I wish to bestow in the course of this very ceremony, under the us imagined and quite technical in regard to motors. Also, when you graduate, you do not take charge of an ambulance sec-

ægis of Guynemer's memory, under his invocation, to two of you — two of the stoutest fighters — distinctions which at once are the reward of the past and a guerdon of the future. [The General then fastened the Cross of Officer of the Legion of Honor on Captain Heurtaux's breast and that of Knight of the Legion of Honor on Adjutant Fonck's].

"Let us rise in our hearts, united in one fraternal thought of respectful admiration and of gratitude for the heroes whom the First Army can never forget — for her hero of whom she was so proud, and of whom the Great Shade will ever soar in history in the memory of his actions in Flanders.

"Such Shades as those of Guynemer surely guide those who know how to follow toward the triumphant path which through ruins, graves, and sacrifices lead the strong and the true to glorious Victory.

"Amen."

General Order No. 50.

Le Général Commandant la I$^{\text{ère}}$ Armée, cite à l'ordre de l'Armée: —

M. Guynemer, Georges, Capitaine Commandant l'Escadrille, N° 3: —

Mort au Champ d'Honneur le 11 Septembre 1917. Héros légéndaire, tombé en plein ciel de gloire, après trois ans de lutte ardente. Restera le plus pur symbole des qualités de la race — ténacité indomptable, énergie tion, but of a truck section, which is by no means as interesting work. Altogether, their news was disappointing.

It does not look as though Piatt Andrew could have as much control, now that the regular American Army is arriving. Ten thousand men already have landed in Bordeaux, and as many more are on the way. The plan is to have one hundred and twenty-five thousand men here by autumn. It is said that General Pershing already is in France. Those of us who were thinking of trying for grades are not so keen now that we are obtaining a more

farouche, courage sublime. Animé de la foi la plus inébranlable dans la victoire, il lègue au soldat français, un souvenir impérissable qui exaltera l'esprit de sacrifice et provoquera les plus nobles émulations.

(These words are inscribed on the wall of the Panthéon in Paris.)

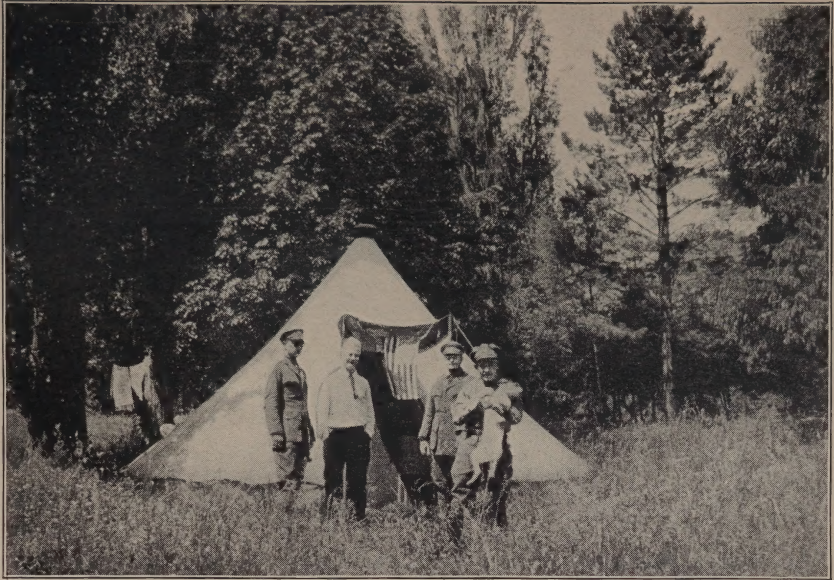
Adjutant Fonck has splendidly made good. A few days after this, he avenged his friend by killing Lieutenant Weisemann, his slayer; and, in August, 1918, he even outstripped his hero, by bringing down his sixtieth plane. (*Editor.*)

definite line on what we would get to do if we did graduate. The next School starts on July 20 with twenty-five instead of fifteen men. The present School ends next week.

June 8. The Boches dropped a lot of bombs on Frigny, killing eight and wounding several other men. At Épernay a division commander was killed at the headquarters, which was the house of Chandon — of Moët et Chandon fame. The entire mansion was destroyed.

I knocked my little finger out of joint playing ball. A nuisance!

June 10. Farlow leaves to-morrow, his six months being up. He is going to try for the artillery. Everybody is sorry to see him go. We gave him a party last night. Stockwell sang "The Big Black Bull"; Hibbert played the mandolin; champagne flowed, and every one had a pleasant time.



GAMBLE, STEVENSON, PATTERSON, AND WOODWORTH (HOLDING THE MASCOT "RHEIMS")

Taken a week before Woodworth was killed

I put my thumb out of joint playing ball! Both wretched hands are crippled now!

The morale of the troops around here is very poor. A regiment from the "midi" of a cavalry division revolted on the day before yesterday, killing their officers, because they were not allowed to go "en repos." The Annamites had to be called out, and two hundred men were shot before order could be restored. The entire division is to be sent to Salonica as a punishment.

June 12. Three of our fellows pulled a kindergarten stunt yesterday. The first two had been trying for several days to get transferred to the Artillery School, but had received no reply from Andrew. So they announced that they were going to get themselves sent down to Paris, and proceeded to make a lot of noise, threatening to "get Woody," who, incidentally, had done all he could to get them transferred. Contrary to their hopes, the rest of the Squad sided with Woody and their plan fell flat. They only succeeded in making asses of themselves. The poor little babies ought to be sent to a kindergarten, rather than to an artillery school.

June 13. It was decided to jail for four days the leaders and to let the third go, as he was younger and a sort of "goat" for the other two. Unfortunately, however, orders came from Headquarters for the first to report in Paris. So they escaped after all. But thank goodness, we've got rid of the leader. The Section certainly is lucky to lose him.

June 15. I got up to the "poste" by luck, being third "remplaçant" — two men "en permission," and Holt sick with "la gale." I had a rather amusing day. We spotted a Boche camouflage and the artillery gave them hell! With customary

Teutonic thoroughness, they'd built a regular forest in front of the road from the north to Rheims. That's where, with customary lack of perception, they failed to "get by." The French, naturally, know their own country, and they also knew well enough that a forest would n't grow up overnight. If they'd faked a "picture" of the road, it would have been a different thing. Well, very few Boches will get by those five kilometers these days.

June 16. Woody was killed last evening. I have not got quite used to the idea yet. It does n't seem real. He was the best friend I had in the Ambulance. Chatkoff, of the observing and directing escadrille, driving a Caudron, invited him and Sponagle to go up with him. Spone went first, stayed up about twenty minutes, and came back so that Woodworth could have his turn. They decided to go beyond Soissons to see the American Escadrille. They got over all right.

Jones to-day told me the rest. On starting to come back about six o'clock, it is thought that Chatkoff, who had failed to be asked to join the American Escadrille (Lafayette), was anxious to show them what he could do. Before he and Woodworth were sixty feet off the ground, he tried to make a fancy hank, side-slipped, and it was all over.

Lufbery[1] says that it was as much plain

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[1] Raoul Lufbery himself was killed in combat a year later. At the time of his death he was the leading American flier in the Lafayette Escadrille. He was flying long before the United States entered the war. He was buried with every honor on May 21, 1918. The last time Lieutenant Stevenson saw him to speak to was in Paris shortly before his death, when both men were "en permission," and came cross each other at Henry's. Lufbery was brought down by a big Boche double plane, quite near the camp where Lieutenant Stevenson had his quarters. When his plane caught fire, he attempted to jump into a water-course below from a height of some five hundred yards. He missed and fell into a garden and was killed instantly. As usual, his

RAOUL LUFBERY

murder as any one could see. He had no right to risk another fellow's life just to show off. Woody never knew what hap-

comrades flew over his grave, throwing flowers over him as he was lowered to his last resting-place.

Lufbery had nineteen Boches to his credit and at the time of his death was far and away the leading American flyer. At that time, Lieutenant Stevenson said that Frank L. Baylies was creeping up to second place with six official enemy planes to his credit, while the newspapers credited him with eleven victories. But Baylies is in the French Escadrille "Les Cigognes," and it is possible that he would n't be scored with the Americans. For Baylies' record see below, p. 90, *et seq.*

In the *War Letters of Edmond Charles Clinton Genet*, page 284, the writer claims the honor of having decorated this little living-room where the Lafayette Escadrille made history. He writes: —

"Our living-room, where we are most of the time when off duty, is a mighty attractive little den. We have covered the walls with corrugated cardboard strips — smooth side outside — over the rough boards, and on this, in various places I have drawn and painted vivid scenes of aerial combats between French and German machines, and here and there I have made other pencil drawings of girls. Each of the two doors is draped with attractive blue and brown curtains, the four windows have white curtains, except one which caught fire from a lamp by accident last night, and a huge painting of an Indian head, the symbol of the pened. The motor fell on him. Skull crushed; no face left; both legs broken at the hips and all the flesh scraped off the bones.

escadrille, which is also painted on each of our machines. The Indian's mouth is open as though he were shouting his terrible war cry in defiance of his enemies, and he looks very warlike indeed. It's quite an appropriate symbol for the escadrille, being something so genuinely American. For entertainment, we have a pretty fair piano," etc.

Among the aviators whom Lieutenant Stevenson met about this time was Nungesser who recently has been named Officer of the Legion of Honor, having added two more victories to his already numerous list. This swells his record to thirty-six enemy planes. He enjoys the uncomfortable distinction of having been more wounded than any living pilot. *Le Matin* recently published a full list of his wounds, as follows: —

"Fracture of the cranium, cerebral commotion, internal lesions, five fractures of the upper jaw, two fractures of the lower jaw, shell éclat in the right arm, two dislocated knees, one knee redislocated, shell splinter in the mouth, atrophied ligaments of the lower left leg, atrophied calf, two fractures of the jaw, dislocated clavicle, internal lesion, wrist, leg, and right foot out of joint, fracture of the horizontal branch of the inferior maxillary, contusion thoraco-pulmonary. He was three times reformed in Class No. 1, but he never would accept convalescence leave. Whilst in the Dunkirk hos-

Chatkoff had three skull fractures, both legs broken at the hips, and a splinter through the lower part of his body. He is still alive, but in a state of coma and is not expected to live.

I drove over to get Woody's body — fifty miles there and fifty back. All the officials were most kind. Spone and I lunched with the American aviators and came back in the afternoon, dead tired. Hibbard and Plow went to Épernay and got a fine zinc-lined coffin, lots of flowers, and so forth; I wired Kurtz, Balbiani, and de Kersauson; also Andrew and Dr. Gros.

pital, he took advantage of his days out to bring down nine official planes! And now, he continues his record by bringing down Boches by pairs!"

"While quoting the *Matin's* list," says Mr. Stevenson, "I may add that this does not take into account the time when his chauffeur died while driving his car in Paris, and the car ran into a stone wall. Nungesser blew into Maxim's a few minutes later with his head all bandaged, and had a cocktail with one or two of us who happened to be there, while he arranged for the body of his man to be taken care of." (*Editor.*)

Jones, Johnson, and Shaw will try to get over to-morrow, although it is out of their army. I wired Miss Brown of Philadelphia. Woodworth's father is dead and he has no near relatives. It's sickening. He and Sponagle and I had been living lately together in a little tent.

June 17. We buried Woody at Châlons-sur-Vesle, our evacuating "poste." The weather was fine; shells coming in occasionally. All the officers of the Division whom we knew were there together with some of the other Divisions, and a platoon of Zouaves as guard of honor. Andrew could not get up, but Galatti was on hand with a beautiful bronze wreath. The boys picked wild flowers all morning and had a bully display. Ned Townsend, Hibbard, Stockwell, and I carried the coffin. Everything went without a hitch and the Episcopalian minister delivered a fine sermon. A mistake was made in having on the cross at the grave the word "aviator" instead of "ambulancier"; but the cross already has been changed, and later a stone monument will replace it. He was buried with his own American silk flag on which was pinned the Croix de Guerre.

June 18. Sponagle, being Sous-Chef, takes the lieutenancy pro tem, and I was made Sous-Chef. Pearl was made Chief Mechanician, replacing Sponagle, who had been temporarily holding the two jobs.

Of course, the fact that Chatkoff had no right to take up a passenger and to fly into another army zone, and that "Woody" had no right to go out of his army either, has created a big row, and the Section is likely to be punished by withdrawal to the rear. At all events, we are bound to be watched and inspected very carefully, so all the men are on the jump, every car washed, all the motors overhauled. No leaves of absence are granted beyond the "cantonnement," etc. Even "permissionnaires" are no longer taken to Épernay in an ambulance, but must find their way walking or begging a lift from a passing "camion."

June 19. The cavalry horses broke loose last night, frightened by bombs, and scattered all over the place. The men were out all night catching them. Such a riot!

June 21. Word came to move and we were busy all day. Holt returned cured of "la gale" and Gamble is over his fever. Both were up at the Châlons Hospital for a week or so and had a very good time with the pretty nurses.

Louvois is our new "cantonnement." It is about fifteen kilometers southeast of Rheims. Apparently we are in luck not to get sent to the rear and are to take over really more front-line work than we have had.

June 22. This is a very interesting sector. We have pleasant "cantonnements" in the quaint little town to the east of Rheims. Sponagle and I being the officers have a small bedroom; the boys are all together in a big, airy room — a much better arrangement than to let them separate into cliques. We all eat at one long table also. The arrangement as to work is rather odd. Six cars stay away three days. Four at Ludes, the village where the hospital is, and one at each of the advanced "postes" which are "whales"! They are shelled all the time. Two men are relieved each day, so that everybody gets a hack at the work. I hear that Section 13 near here had eight men wounded the other day, and their Lieutenant had both legs shot away. They got an Army citation. I received to-day a nice letter from Kurtz anent Woodworth's death. Kurtz is still in charge of Section 18, now at Glorieux near Verdun.

But to return: The work is interesting with four "postes" on the front line and evacuations to Épernay, so that we have a good variety of driving, and it keeps the men busy and interested. For a time we had considerable trouble with the boys who were "fed-up," grouchy, and nervous. The lack of sleep was the worst trouble, as even back in the "cantonnements" the nightly aero raids kept every one, who was at all nervous, on the jump. Some of the men have since confessed to me that they had virtually not slept throughout the last period when the moon was shining — that's when the planes come over — a matter of two weeks at a stretch. Now, our camp is sufficiently far back to be out of the raiding area, especially as it is not near a railway — the usual Boche objective. Personally I am such a sound sleeper that I never heard the bombs unless they actually fell in our immediate neighborhood. But some of the boys say that it was the sound of the approaching plane that "got their goats"! They could hear it gradually getting nearer and nearer and dropping bombs as it came, and it was a sort of fifty-fifty with them as to whether those night birds would lay one of their iron eggs on the tent or not.

Well, I'm glad to say we've gone away. I hated the place since poor Woody's death. The cars now go up the line, and stay there for a period of three days each — six of them — and are relieved by two's. The officers and the doctor also are a fine lot of men — quite different from the last bunch we were with. So all is for the best in the best of worlds!

June 23. Holt's "gale" has returned and he is to be sent again to the hospital. The men as a whole respond very well to the stricter regulations and "Eddy" and I have had little trouble so far.

We met the local officers last night, and they were most polite and pleasant. They drank our health, and that of all Americans, etc.

June 24. We dined with the Médecin Chef and his staff at the hospital. They gave us a bully dinner and all were most kind. Such a difference from Muizon!

CHAPTER V

OFFICER AND CHIEF OF SECTION 1

Toute la vie est dans l'Essor . . .
Car vivre, c'est prendre et donner avec liesse
. . . Avide et haletant
Devant la vie intense et sa rouge sagesse!
VERHAEREN (*Les Forces Tumultueuses*)

June 25. Word has just come that I had been made "Chef" and that Spone goes to Meaux. I hate to think of the utter loneliness before me. It is hard to lose the last of the Mohicans. First Woody, and now Spone! I'm left now practically the only one of the old Somme gang, excepting Ned Townsend.

The great honor of being appointed Commander of Section carries with it the equivalent of a First Lieutenancy in the French Army. I do hope I can hold down the job properly. It is a difficult one, as the men are so hard to keep disciplined when they are not getting much work. Little cliques form, and grouches develop, and a general spirit of unrest is apt to prevail. Just now we are fairly active and the morale is good; but of course, one never can tell how long this will continue.

I expect to go down to Paris on my "permission" about the first week in July, and hope to run across Harry Dillard and the rest of the doctors from Philadelphia, although I am not sure whether they have remained in Paris or have been shifted somewhere else.

In a way, I am sorry to be taken off my car, and the life of a Section Chief is rather lonely, as one cannot play around with the men as much as before. On the other hand, one has a staff car of one's own, and a private officer's room with an orderly, and all that, so that one's creature comforts are fine. It remains to be seen if our new Lieutenant has the push that made de Kersauson so successful; but I like him and I get along with him very well. I dined with the French officers quartered here last night — mostly cavalry — and I had a very good time. The previous night I dined with the Médecin Principal and his staff. I'm not awfully keen on that sort of thing, but that is one of the duties of an officer's job. They were all awfully polite and pleasant, however.

Two men arrived to-day. G. F. Norton[1] looks good; also Rice (Philip S.). He is no relation to W. G. Rice. No doubt he'll turn out all right. He is a Pennsylvanian — comes from Wilkes-Barre.[2]

June 26. Sponagle left to-day with Plow, who was recalled, owing to his escapade with Kenyon at Muizon. I was sorry about it, and told him so; but it could n't be helped, and Sponagle promised to see what he could do to prevent his being given a black mark.

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[1] George Frederick Norton, of New York.

[2] Philip S. Rice, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, stock-broker.

When I got back from taking them to Épernay, who should have turned up but Andrew with a man named Osborn, whom he was taking to see his brother who had been seriously wounded in Section 28.[1]

Andrew announced that he wished to take W. G. Rice and Hibbard for Chefs of new Sections, so that we are losing four good men on one single day! Well, it is all in the game! They left on the noon train.

I put in a good word for Plow with Andrew, and I think that he will get out of the scrape.

Gamble tells me that the crowd is pleased with my appointment because they feel that I will be "perfectly fair with them." That's some consolation anyway.

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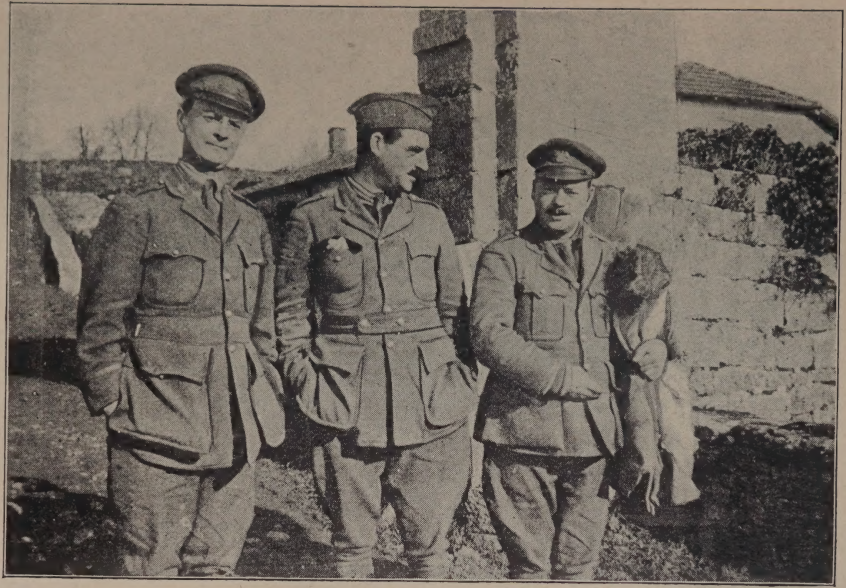
[1] Paul Osborn died. He was cited and decorated by order of the Fourth Army. (*Editor.*)

June 28. I fired a man to-day. I hate this sort of thing, but it has to be done. I told him that we only want men up here who are both able and willing to work and that he seemed to be neither. "What have I done?" he asked. "It's what you have n't done," I replied: car never clean, breaking minor rules, shamming sickness when it is his turn to work, and so on. Everybody says I was perfectly right. In my official letter I merely stated that he did not seem physically able to keep up the standard of work required by this Section, and that I thought something lighter than field service would suit him better. The boys all seem to approve the step.

June 30. Philip S. Rice received his baptism of fire all right the first night I sent him out. Gas attack and heavy shelling — quite complete! All the cars at the "poste" were kept rolling all night. He came through with flying colors. Stout got a shrapnel "éclat" through his windshield.

It is funny how stories get exaggerated. Some one must have remarked to a doctor about the car being hit. The doctor told some one else, and this afternoon we were called by the État-Major asking about the three cars they heard had been destroyed!

The Lieutenant and I took a hurried trip of inspection around the "postes" and found that it was all due to the one hole in Stout's car, and so reported to Headquarters. But the four-striped Médecin Principal had to make assurance doubly sure. So we had to take him around to all the "postes" again. Incidentally the Germans were shelling Sillery so hard that



STEVENSON, EDWARD TOWNSEND, AND PHILIP S. RICE
(Left to right)

the General ordered the "poste" evacuated, and we found it only after hunting around, at the far end of the village, established in a wine cellar. The old "poste" at which we worked until last night was utterly destroyed and is now simply a mass of overturned ruins. The car-drivers were lucky to have escaped.

I have made Jim White,[1] Vic White's brother, Sous-Chef. The crowd seemed pleased. A new man, Tapley, arrived today. The Section is now complete.

July 2. This, certainly, is no soft job. I spend most of my time acting as a bumper between the Frenchmen in the Section and boys who insist on "kidding" them. A Frenchman does not understand the American method of teasing and jollying, and he gets raving mad, feeling insulted. And so I spend my time smoothing over alleged insults which were never meant. I have given strict orders to all the fellows now, that they "must n't tease the animals." But, of course, it is very hard for them not to "kid" some of the men we have with us who are certainly a childish lot. Among them are a few who, being extremely young and just graded, have the typical college graduate idea that they are about the most important personages in the universe. Of course the fellows just laugh at them. Well, I suppose that it is all in the day's work, but it is a decided nuisance for me.

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[1] James M. White, brother of Victor White, of New York. See *At the Front in a Flivver.* He is now Lieutenant in the Gas Service, A.E.F.

July 5. We had a wonderful banquet yesterday. The corporation declared a two hundred and fifty francs dividend, and Pierre, the "fournier," and the chef outdid themselves. We even had ice-cream! The boys all acted nicely. The "poste" men were out of luck, but we sent up to them what we could. We had the American and Section flag up too. All agreed that it was the very best dinner the Section ever had. The Government allowed us the customary forty-eight hours' "permission," and we picked three men who would not be on duty for two days — Patterson, Flynn, and Pearl. The latter is our Chief Mechanic and has been working his head off lately, and deserved a rest.

I've decided to take only four of my seven days' "permission," as there have been signs of increasing activity hereabouts recently.

July 7. I had most interesting talks in Paris with McFadden, Cartier, Galatti, Ewell, Plow, and Bosworth. Evidently there is to be a big change in the American Ambulance Field Service. Ewell, Galatti, and McFadden are practically running everything. Dodge, of Section 3, has been made co-inspector with Galatti. Then there is the Harjes-Norton complication!

I dined with Muhr and End. The latter is as sore as a crab over his treatment in Salonica. He is going home.

July 8. I saw Giles Francklyn,[1] who is driving a truck for the moment, waiting to get into the Army. They won't give him a berth, although he talks French as well as he does English. He has the Croix de Guerre, and is of military age. Really it *is* a shame. He is undecided as to whether to try the only avenue — aviation — through Dr. Gros. He wants to get into the artillery. He told me of Baylies' latest: —

It appears that the first time he was put on one of those trying-out machines at the School which run along the ground and have only cut wings to prevent them from flying, so that beginners can't be hurt, he managed to so handle the thing that, to the utter amazement of every one in the field, he made it jump some forty or fifty feet in the air; a performance that never had been attempted or seen before.

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[1] Giles B. Francklyn, of Lausanne. Served in Sections 1 and 3.

Then, when he found himself up there, he did n't know how to land. He set himself about twenty minutes to live, as the tank held but little gasoline. Meantime, every aviator and mechanic had rushed to the field to see the flying freak which no one knew could fly. Baylies was flying round and round, in the lap of the gods! They were as ever merciful to him. After some minutes of helpless flying, with true Baylies luck, he finally crashed into a nice soft tree, smashed the machine to pieces, and was not even scratched! The yarn is all over the Front already, and it only happened a couple of days ago![1]

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[1] Frank L. Baylies, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who furnished the author so many amusing paragraphs in *At the Front in a Flivver*, and who, for the "Ambulanciers" of Section 1, became the origin of the new verb "to baylies," used as an equivalent for the French "faire un gaffe," but whose good luck never deserted him, eventually became a noted aviator. He entered the Flying Corps on his return from Salonica, where he had gone with a newly formed ambulance. In April last he already had brought down his fifth Hun machine, and his exploits as well as his adventures have become legendary. He was, when recently reported killed, a member of the celebrated Escadrille "Les Cigognes," which Guynemer immortalized and the glorious tradition of which Captain Heurtaux, recently among us, and Adjutant Fonck have so nobly continued. Baylies' escape from capture by the Germans in April, 1918, when after an air-fight he was obliged to land in No Man's Land some five hundred yards from the enemy trenches, thrilled two continents. The Germans, of course, as he approached, began to pepper his plane, and Baylies, who was a good athlete, as he came low enough to the earth, sprang out of his machine and made time for the French lines. The Germans ran in pursuit, chasing him with rifles and machine guns. The French, seeing the game on, opened fire on the Huns. They dropped one German and drove the rest back to their own lines, while Baylies sprinted

July 11. I returned to the Section, and found that Andrew had been here, but

for dear life. He declared that he made the last sixty yards of that race in record time. At this time Lieutenant Stevenson wrote home that the French general commanding the Section personally congratulated the young American upon his good work and narrow escape. Since last April, however, Baylies had "bagged" his sixth Boche, and the cry was "Still they come," for on June 8 of this year a cable dispatch to a newspaper announced that Baylies had destroyed his eleventh official German airplane.

His account of his latest exploit at that time, as reported by Mr. Paul Ayres Rockwell, was that he was on patrol five kilometers (three miles) behind the German lines, and when about to start homeward, as his fuel was getting low, he noticed a French observer machine tumbling down in a "vrille" with four German monoplanes in pursuit, firing at it. He thought the Frenchman done for, but he also thought he'd take a hand in the fight. He attacked the topmost Hun whom he sent down on fire. Then he retreated. At one hundred yards from the ground he saw the Frenchman rally and make for his own lines. He had seventeen bullet holes in his make-up. The pilot laughingly said that he had feigned to be mortally disabled; but that he must have been in a dreadful predicament but for Baylies' timely diversion. His observer was severely wounded.

Our young old friend was in a fair way to take the place of the much-regretted Lufbery, and it is a pleasonly stayed a little while and knew, or pretended to know, nothing about the American Ambulance Field Service's future.

En attendant, minor attacks are occurring and the boys have been fairly busy. Rumors of Austria entering into negotiations for a separate peace are rife. Also rumors of coming big attacks by the Allies on the Belgian seacoast and near the Swiss frontier. Meantime, the Boches have approached a little closer to Rheims. Some of the men have had fairly close calls.

ure to record his splendid work. In aviation, daring and luck count for much, and Baylies seems for a time to have had both. It was, therefore, with more than usual dismay among those who knew the brave lad that the news of his death was received; and one clung to the hope that his phenomenal luck might not have deserted him, and that he might have been made prisoner. The German aviators, however, dropped the information on the airdrome of "Les Cigognes" that he had been killed in action; and the *American Field Service Bulletin* of July 14, 1918, states that he was shot in the head. (*Editor.*)

July 13. Norton was killed at the Ludes Chalet, last night at ten o'clock. An aeroplane bomb dropped about twenty feet from the boys' sleeping quarters. They all were in bed, excepting Norton, who, after putting out the light and lying down, heard the planes and got up to look out. An "éclat" caught him squarely in the throat, cutting the jugular vein and killing him without his ever knowing what hit him.[1]

Elliott had a very close call. Three or four "éclats" smashed through the wall right above where he lay. If he'd been even sitting up he must have been hit. Gamble and Oller were in the front room and Oller's bed was covered with broken glass, a piece coming through the wall only a couple of inches above him. He was unhurt, while Gamble got a cut on the shoulder. All the wires were down, and Gamble drove in to Louvois in his stocking feet to get me. His socks were soaked in Norton's blood. I got up and dressed, and we were at the "poste" in a very few minutes. The body of Norton had been taken to the hospital by Oller and Elliott. They had a hard time getting it out of the little chalet, as the place was a mess of broken glass, splinters, and blood.

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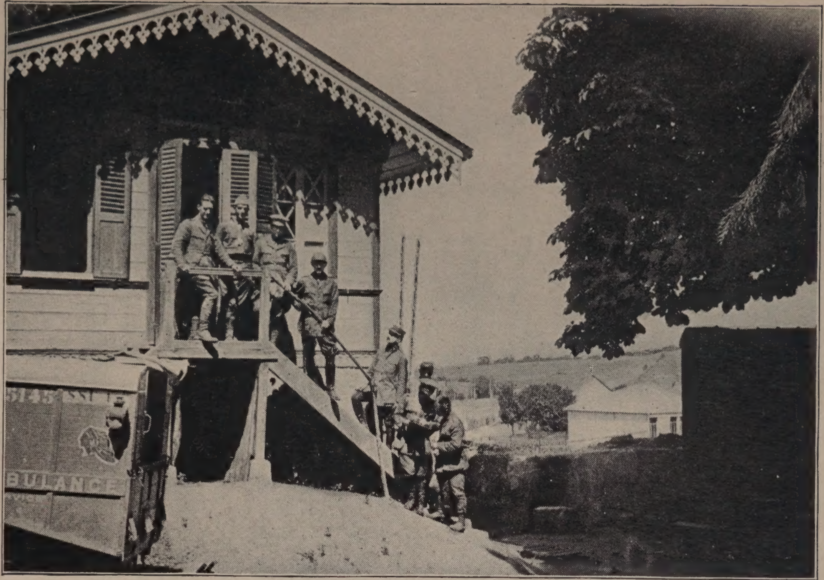
[1] Mr. Philip S. Rice, of Wilkes-Barre, who was a close friend of Mr. Norton, in his spirited account of his death, states that a splinter also had pierced his heart. Mr. Rice had crossed over with Mr. Norton and they had entered S.S.U. No. 1 together. See *An Ambulance Driver in France*, p. 48, etc., by Philip Sidney Rice, Wilkes-Barre. (*Editor*).

The doctor and the other officers were most kind. We arranged for the funeral for nine o'clock the following night, as the cemetery is in view of the Boches and any gathering of people would be observed. I made all the arrangements for the coffin and for flowers, and 'phoned Rue Raynouard.



THE LUDES "POSTE," WHERE NORTON WAS KILLED

This was taken about a week before. Left to right : Hibbard, Weld, Pearl, Sponagle, de Maret, Stevenson showing map to Stout

In a way, it was lucky that the boys had to work all last night. The wires being down it was hard work, too; but it took their minds off the casualty. Oller, a brand-new man, was pretty well rattled, but stuck to his job as well as did the others. I told them that Norton could not have asked for a better death. It was absolutely instantaneous, and in the course of duty.

Strater came in from the "poste" with a load, and was rather upset, as he had a dying man in his car and the road was being shelled. He had a miss in his engine and was too excited to locate it. I did it for him and sent him along without telling him about Norton. Later, when he came back, he found the chalet empty and blood all over everything. When the others got in, they found him wandering about with a rock in his hand, thinking that a murder had been committed!

Patterson, who took Norton's place at the "poste," and Gamble got into a wrangle, but as I appreciated that their nerves were on edge, I simply shut them up and let it go at that.

July 14. They worked all night hard and were about "all in" in the morning. Gamble, who had received a slight wound on the shoulder said nothing about it until yesterday, when I told him to get the anti-tetanus injection. All the men acted finely. Gamble had his "brancardier" quit him on the road to Sillery. A shell burst right beside the car and cut the roof over their heads, and the "brancardier" insisted on getting out and crawling into a dug-out. Gamble eased on through the shells, got his wounded, and came back. Pretty good for a man who has just been wounded, is it not?

Oller came and thanked me to-day for sending him to the Front "poste." He said it was the best thing that could have happened to him.

A letter written by the author under the spell of these events shows what he thought of his men: —

Dear X: We have had a hectic time lately, but the boys stood up to the work finely. Three others were in the "poste" waiting to go out when called, when the bomb exploded which killed Norton. They all had marvelous escapes, and one, Gamble, was slightly wounded, but said nothing about it and continued to roll for forty-eight hours thereafter. Of course, I went down to the "poste" and did my best to steady them up throughout the night, for which they all thanked me afterwards. Two of them were new and I had to make minor repairs for them, as for a time they did not seem to be able to think very consecutively when their motors balked. But they were splendid. Andrew came up to the funeral, and all the officers near by were on hand.

The work has eased up a bit now, and I

have spent most of the day writing letters of thanks in "near French" for flowers and other expressions of kindness. I think that the making of the arrangements for the funeral was even more tiring than the real work, because 't is something of a strain to talk to the high officials and to try to speak really correct, dignified French!

Norton was buried on the hillside above Rheims, with the shells bursting and plane guns going, trench lights rising, flares, colored signals, and the rattle of the mitrailleuses, and the tracing shells streaking the heavens. It seemed as though the Boches were joining in doing him honor.

The men are all pretty tired, but they are still on the job. To-day, our Section Frenchmen are giving us a return spread for the one we gave them on the Fourth, this being the 14th. They went out of their way to get delicacies, such as crawfish, snails, etc., but I fear that most of the Americans will have difficulty in pretending to enjoy such a succulent menu. However, the champagne comes from Rheims!

Most of us have cut out all liquor except white and red wine; but on the 4th and the

14th of July, we make exception to a moderate extent.

The funeral went off without a hitch. All day the lieutenant and I went around seeing "stripers," and explaining what had happened, and finally, after more trouble we found a soldier Protestant minister.

He seemed a trifle overwhelmed at being called upon to officiate at such a function; but he carried it off very well. We saw the Chief, and he said that, of course, Norton would be cited, and he would let the citation go up as high as possible. Two civilians and a nurse sent flowers besides those of the officers, the doctors' and ours. Andrew brought up a bronze wreath. The coffin was draped with the tricolor and American flag with the Croix de Guerre on top. We buried him in the new graveyard, as the old one only had trenches for eight more bodies left, and the French were kind enough to allow him a separate grave. His was the first in the new location, and the priest spoke of this as a sort of dedication. So there he lies by himself for the present, on the hillside, among the vineyards, looking down on the Cathedral of Rheims to the left, and the Moronvilliers hill on the right — where the battle is raging. Norton had been with Peary on one of his polar expeditions. He had hunted big game in the north of Africa, and was one of the first men to learn to fly a plane, having taken lessons from the Wrights many years ago. He was forty years old, and that was what kept him out of the flying game now. He was a fine all-around man, and one of the best we ever had in the Section.

July 15. To add to my troubles, Weld received a telegram yesterday announcing the death of his uncle. He was his nearest relative and he has to go back to settle his estate. He left on the noon train. That leaves us two short with four men "en permission"! However, every one is working hard and I expect some new men and one "permissionnaire" back to-day. I asked for Plow and Francklyn, but hardly hope to get them back.

I made the usual round by the "poste." Considerable shelling.

July 20. One of the French officers at the Château Romont, one of our "postes" where the État-Major is, had a lucky "squeak" the other day. He had just laid out his kit, preparatory to rolling it up to go "en permission," and had walked out of his room to arrange some detail, when a big shell, a "220," landed plump into the room and blew the whole side and roof off the château! No one was hurt; but the officer was as sore as he could be over the loss of his kit, and left on "permission" in the clothes he had on and nothing else, except a terrible grouch.

Two new men have arrived to replace Norton and Weld. Their names are Kreutzberg and O'Connell. Both seem to be willing, quiet, and sensible sort of chaps.

July 25. The "permissionnaires" returned, White, Hanna, and Dallin. They all report the same impossibility in Paris to get into the Army. White had an amusing experience with an old and deaf American officer recruiting for the engineers. After listening with difficulty to White's term of experience at the Front, his credentials, etc., he said: "Sign these papers. Then you may have a job in this office as a civilian clerk!" White says he just looked at him once, and walked out of the place.

He tells me that a friend of Norton in Paris received a letter on the day of his death, advising him to come out to Section 1, because the men were "all good fellows, especially the Chef"! Pretty nice of him, considering that really I had never had more than the most formal conversations with him.

July 22. The anti-tetanus knocked Gamble hard. He's all swollen up and has red splotches all over him. So I insisted upon his going to the hospital where he can be properly taken care of. He is too good a man to lose through just pretending he's not sick! His wound, too, is suppurating.

July 23. The work the Section did during the forty-eight hours when Norton was killed seems to have made an impression, as the old boy has, according to the "Loot," decided not only to cite Norton, but Gamble, Elliott, Flynn, and me. I hope that it proves true, as it has certainly been irritating to have so many cited, some of whom deserved it and others did n't, as we all know. It seems to be part luck and part pushing one's self forward, except, of course, when it is really deserved as in the case of Gamble, Elliott, and some others. Flynn should certainly have had one at Esnes (Hill 304), and the man with him did get it, which jarred old Jim. Anyway, the family will be happy.

PART II

July to October 1917

VERDUN — DOUAUMONT, HILL 304 (MORT HOMME), BEZENVAUX, AND RECAPTURING THE FORTS IN FIERCE STRUGGLE

CHAPTER VI

IMMORTAL VERDUN

Dans son brasier, il a jeté
Les cris d'opiniâtreté,
La rage sourde et séculaire;
Dans son brasier d'or exalté,
Maître de soi, il a jeté
Révoltes, deuils, violences, colères,
Pour leur donner la trempe et la clarté
  Du fer et de l'éclair.

E. Verhaeren, *Le Forgeron* (*Les Villages Illusoires*)

July 24. Orders came to move out of the Fifth Army back to the Second Army. at Verdun. So we are off to Bar-le-Duc. Everything was packed up smoothly and we made Vitry-le-François to-night — a good run. Strater broke a back spring, and Curtis burnt out a bearing; otherwise all made the grade. I got a good swim in the Marne; had a fine lunch at Châlons and a splendid dinner at Vitry.

July 25. Writing to a near relative at this time, the author said: —

You'll be glad, I know, to hear that I have been personally cited for the Croix de Guerre by the General of the 42d Cavalry Corps. I don't know just why they picked on me, but I suppose it was for straightening the tangle the night Norton was killed. Anyway, the order reads as follows: —

> The Adjutant Commander Stevenson, W. Yorke: —
>
> Section sanitaire Américaine N°. 1. Engagé volontaire depuis Février 1916, Commandant adjoint de la Section Sanitaire Américaine N° 1, n'hésitant jamais à payer de sa personne, a largement contribué à l'organisation et à la direction des évacuations sous le feu de l'ennemi. Brave, devoué, et d'une modestie rare.
>
> (signé) LOUET
>
> Quartier Général, le 30 Juillet, 1917

Some hot air! However, I am awfully glad to get it just the same.

We have moved from the Rheims district, and are back again on our old stamping ground, Verdun. The figuring is that there is going to be a resumption of activity hereabouts; but, of course, rumors are so thick along the line that one never knows what is fact. I should not be surprised, however, if you heard from this Section again. We made the trip over here in fine shape — just twenty-four hours and only two cars broken down, both of which rejoined before we reached our ultimate destination, which is the famous Saint-Mihiel salient.[1]

There seem to be quite a few American troops scattered along the line already. We ran across them several times on our way over here. We came along the Marne Valley by way of Châlons, Vitry-le-François, and, by luck, had good weather. By the way, an Army Corps citation bears the gold star.

July 25. The absence of the Rochet Schneider "camion" makes the White truck and all the ambulances carry a lot of extra weight, which certainly is hard on them. So I set a very easy pace. We got to Bar-le-Duc all right. We found there Sections 6, 9, 15, and a Harjes truck. Evidently we are going "en repos" awaiting the much-talked-of Verdun offensive. The place is thick with troops; but if the

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[1] Where the American Army made its first independent offensive on September 11, 1918, under General Pershing. (*Editor.*)

Boches continue to attack at Craonne, this offensive may have to be put off. I had to leave Gamble at Louvois in the hospital, as he has n't recovered from his wound.

We reached Èvres at noon to-day. Everybody all right, but terribly dusty and tired. Pretty poor "cantonnements," especially after Louvois, which was the best we ever had.

July 26. Gamble rejoined us to-day. He made a quick trip by way of Sainte-Menehould where he lunched with Section 13, which he says is in poor shape, with a personnel much below the standard set by Sections 1, 2, and 3. He says that apparently we have a very high reputation among the newer Sections, and are much looked up to.

He likewise says that the night after we left Louvois, the Boches dropped over two thousand shells on the "poste" at

Sillery and Espérance, and that the Section which relieved us quit cold, and refused to budge for six hours, so that the "postes" were jammed with wounded. Pretty rotten, that. And also hard luck for us, as had we been there that would have meant another citation for us in all probability. The boys never would have allowed such an opportunity to go by.

July 28. Flynn and Stockwell have agreed to sign up for another three months. I am awfully glad to have been able to persuade them to remain, as they are both A No. 1 men.

I had an interesting talk with an officer who is "cantonned" here, and is in the artillery. He remarked that he had heard from our "Loot" that I had been cited. I said something about not understanding why they were so generous with the Croix to Americans, when lots of Frenchmen had not got it who had actually been in the trenches. He replied that that had nothing to do with it. They were forced to go in; many of them very much against their will; whereas the Ambulance men, who had volunteered long before the United States had entered the war, were each and every one a small but vital factor in bringing America in. Every time a man volunteered, he carried with him the hopes and sympathies of all his relatives and friends; and as the Ambulance grew, so did the pro-Ally sentiment grow by leaps and bounds in the United States.[1]

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[1] Mr. Coningsby Dawson, in his latest little book *Out to Win* (pp. 58–59), when dealing with the various causes that brought the United States into the war, seems to agree thoroughly with this idea. He points out how, in the face of our neutrality, "one by one, and in little protesting bands, the friends of the Allies slipped overseas bound on self-imposed sacrificial quests; they went like knight-errants to the rescue. They were men like Alan Seeger, of the Foreign Legion; others chose the Ambulance Service; others, positions on the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. Soon

That was a point of view of which I had not thought, but apparently it is held by a great many Frenchmen. He said that he had no doubt that this was the reason why Andrew, as head, had received the Legion of Honor. He added that he, for one, would give the Croix to every American who had come before the war had been declared and who had act-

'le Train Américain' was seen rolling through France under both the French and the American flags. At Neuilly, the American Hospital sprang up. By the time President Wilson flung his challenge, eighty-six War Relief Organizations were operating in France; while ninety per cent of their workers were toiling in the United States sending over supplies:

"Long before April, 1917, American college boys had won a name by their devotion in forcing their ambulances over the shell-torn roads in every part of the French Front, but, perhaps, with peculiar heroism at Verdun. . . . The report of the sacrificial courage of these pioneers had traveled to every State of the Union. Their example had stirred, shamed, and educated the Nation. It is to these knight-errants — very many of them boys and girls — that I attribute America's eager acceptance of Calvary, when, at last, it was offered to her by her statesmen." (*Editor.*)

ually been under fire. Of course, some of the new Sections have never been up to the lines; nor has the Paris Section. Also we have had a small percentage of quitters; but, aside from these, he thinks that all should have it, varying the degree according to special cases.

He thinks that the men killed or wounded should get the palm; the Chiefs, the gold star; and the privates, silver or bronze stars, according to circumstances.

July 29. My landlady is a pessimist. Her front windows open right on the road to Verdun and she says she has n't a chance to leave the front room because passing "poilus" "swipe" everything. She says that she is only too glad when they go by in "camions," despite the dust which is so thick that she can't recognize her own furniture, simply because they can't reach in and get away with her pans, clothes, and other belongings. She declared that they don't seem to care whether the clothes they take are women's clothes or not.

Although of a stern exterior and surrounded with a deep haze of gloom, she really is kind-hearted enough underneath, and takes good care of me in her morose sort of way. She had never seen a typewriter before, and when, after several days of hearing the tictac, her curiosity overcame her aloofness and pride, she actually poked her head in to see what it was; she was hypnotized watching the printed lines forming. She was particularly interested in the manifolding process.

Dick Plow came back to-day and every one was delighted. His return and a little persuasion on my part enabled me to sign up Flynn, Townsend, Stockwell, Elliott, and Hanna for another three months. Funny how a little thing like that sometimes makes a lot of difference. The Section would have been shot to pieces next month if all those men had quit.

August 1. Orders came to move to Haudainville near Verdun. I went over to look at the Sector and found it "a bird"! Mostly in reconquered territory. The "poste" is beyond even Fleury, right up to Douaumont, at Haudromont. Three cars stay at the old Caserne Marceau "poste," and go from there forward to Forts Vaux, Damloup, and Souville. Fleury is merely a spot on the map. The town is obliterated. Two other cars are stationed at Verdun and run to Tavanne and beyond Bras, toward Douaumont, Haudromont, and Louvaumont. In fact, Section 1 is doing what it took two Sections to do before. And what pleases us most is that Section 4 takes our evacuations back to Vadelaincourt, a fact which naturally they do not enjoy. *We* dump our wounded at Verdun.

There is much talk of an attack here, and "permissions" have been canceled throughout the Second Army. We are attached to the 69th Division. I met all the high chieftains and they certainly were most friendly and polite, although Reymond had a funny argument with the Médecin Chef at Vaux, who insisted upon our carrying corpses of men killed right around the "poste." We demurred, saying that it was the job of the mortuary wagons. Finally we compromised, the Lieutenant agreeing that if the corpses were still warm (!) we should carry them; but not any that had been dead a length of time. Rather gruesome, that, is it not?

We relieved the 109th French Ambulance Section whose cars were not equal to the bad roads, being too low-hung and in bad repair. They had two blown to pieces a couple of days ago, and the medical department decided they'd have to get a new Section. They expressed themselves as much pleased to have us. The quarters at Haudainville are bad, and full of rats, and the boys are grumbling. They have been spoiled by the Louvois and Muizon château quarters, although those at Haudainville are a lot better than those we had last year when we were at Dugny.

August 2. The boys did splendidly last night, despite not knowing the roads. I was only able to take a couple over them the previous day; but the "poste" officers were all much pleased, as they had every "poste" cleared before morning.

I had trouble with C—— over food. He chose to sleep late at the "poste" and to miss his coffee, expecting to get it when he came back to Haudainville. Of course, there was nothing doing, and now he has a grouch. All the others had sense enough to get theirs; and they say that the "poste" food is all right. Of course, it is plain "poilu" food, but C—— complained of that too. If he does n't like it he need not stay.

This afternoon, the General dropped in unexpectedly and inspected us. Luckily we were in good shape, and he was satisfied.

August 3. Another active night. A shell fell in front of Rice, Flynn, and Holt as they were on their way to Haudromont. Two cars were ditched and four horses killed, but no men were hurt. Rice could n't get out and I had to go up later with Hanna and a tow-rope. To-morrow Verdun will be closed, and we will evacuate to Brivaux, right next to Verdun. I suppose that they expect the Boches to "crown" Verdun when the push starts.

August 4. Changed hospitals and, after some trouble, I arranged that our cars should do only front-line work, a French Section taking the evacuation. Section 5 now evacuates to Glorieux; so we no longer are "cantonned" together at the "poste." Galatti stopped in and inspected us, expressing himself as well satisfied.

August 5. A lucky day! All spare parts, including new motor recently ordered, arrived this morning. This afternoon the Lieutenant handed me the citation from the Second Cavalry Corps of the Fifth Army, the text of which is given under date July 25.

Gamble and Elliott were also cited for their work on the night when Norton was killed. The work is too heavy just now for us to celebrate; but we will do so later with a big dinner.

We are up to our ears in work now, and

several of the men have had close calls. We are working in reconquered territory, and it is most interesting, but ghastly, as the bits of bodies lie unburied for days. The men are working finely and I never had a better crowd. Rain, of course, all the time, and the most frightful roads. In fact, no roads at all in spots. As for Douaumont, it is a sight! Patterson returned from his "permission" and found an order for him to go back to Paris to report to the American Army Commission for examination. As he had been two days on the road trying to find the Section and sleeping on chairs, tables, and any old thing, he was anything but pleased. However, he had to go back.

August 6. Busy night. There was heavy traffic and fog, and the combination made it very hard on the men. We had no accidents, however.

August 8. Our chief troubles are broken springs. Working out around Douaumont the roads are frightful. Dead horses lie around for days and also bits of human beings — for when a shell lands near some one the pieces are never all gathered. The only signs of life one sees are the flies, rats, and ravens. Passing along that road the other day to get one of our men out of a ditch, I saw a boot lying on the way. I picked it up to throw it out of the road and found a rotten leg still in it!

August 9. The Germans shelled the Caserne Marceau next to the hospital just at dinner-time. Everybody fell flat on his stomach or dived under cars or into "abris." Quite a funny sight. The shelling kept up for about twenty minutes — big fellows. They killed a lot of officers' horses, and knocked some bodies out of their graves in the cemetery, but only a couple of men were slightly wounded.

Bullard, of Norton-Harjes — brand-

A BUNGALOW NEAR SOUVILLE

CASERNE MARCEAU

new, — turned up. He is going to work with us from to-morrow. He says his men are all raw. They have never been under fire. He himself used to be in Section 5. I told him that we would do all we could for him, show them the "postes" and help them out.

The following is a letter received from Major A. Piatt Andrew at this time: —

Dear Yorke: —

I congratulate you sincerely on your very fine citation. Please express to Mr. Gamble and Mr. Elliott our gratification also in regard to their Croix de Guerre. Steve[1] brought back a glowing account of Section No. 1, of its condition and of its prospect. The Section never has done better than it is doing under your leadership and that is saying a great deal.

Such a letter is most encouraging. But certainly the men are a splendid bunch of lads, and their work is wonderful. We are in the midst of the heaviest work the Section ever had, not even excluding the battle for Fleury, last year at this time.

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[1] Meaning Stephen Galatti, second in command of the Field Service.

I am told we must hold out for about another week, which will make almost a record for a single Section doing front-line work for all the "postes" of the Army Corps. Our own Division has been "en repos" a week already; but we asked as a favor to be allowed to remain and do the work of the new attacking Divisions. The men and the cars are sights — plastered with mud from top to bottom. No fenders or side boxes left; nearly every car full of holes from "éclats" of shells, and two of them with their entire sides blown out. We use these for the gassed men as much as possible, as they need all the air they can get. Two of my men have been gassed, themselves, but were given rapid treatment and are all right. Another, Oller, is in the hospital with appendicitis; and still another has had a nervous breakdown, and I use him only in the daytime, on rare occasions, and only at easy "postes." The rest are rolling.

August 12. After moving from Haudainville to the hospital at Caserne Bevaux on the 9th, we had to move out again to a plateau, just beside it, where we pitched our tents. The reason being that a little martinet of a doctor in charge of the hospital, was "en permission" when we moved up here, and of course was not consulted. When he got back, in order to show off his authority, he put us outside. The five-"striper" Chef came up to-day and told him plainly that it was "one of the biggest mistakes he had made yet!"

The Harjes-Norton Section has come up here, too, and is to work with us.

Gamble knocked his shoulder out of joint this morning, cranking his car. So I'll let him go down to Paris, as he is no more use to us, now. He has a chance for a captaincy in the United States Army, and he might as well put in his time, until his shoulder heals, in arranging his own affairs. I am terribly sorry to lose him.

Farnham ran over a drunken "poilu" last night, and broke his leg. He is much upset about it, although it wasn't his fault.

August 13. Last night was a big night. Most of the Squad was running. A munition dépôt blew up right close to our "cantonnement" and kept popping for hours thereafter.

Meantime, I had to go out with Pearl and Day to supervise putting in a back axle in C.'s car at La Source, one of the Front "postes." C., of course, drives like a fool, so that his car is out of business much of the time. When I got back I found that one of the men had gone to pieces. Several shells dropped near him along the road to Haudromont, and when he came back and found the munition dépôt going, he collapsed. The Lieutenant had given him some brandy and had put him in my bed.

CHAPTER VII

SIX WEEKS UNDER FIRE — HEROIC ENDURANCE

There 's a feud between Kelly and Klaw,
  They sputter like steaks on a grid,
For Klaw calls big Kelly a "Chaw,"
  And Kelly says Klaw is a "Yid";
There's a row between Linton and Jones,
  And there's trouble with Hyland and Wright,
And our Barrack resounds with the tones
  Of quarrel, dissension, and fight. . . .

But wait till it's over; then Klaw
  And Kelly will patch up their row,
And Linton and Jones will haw! haw!
  At the way that they carry on now.
The winners and those they defeat
  Will act like good men who fight well,
For the finish is not hard to meet —
  It's only the worry that's hell.

"*The Breaking Point*" *in Camp and Trench*
Berton Braley (*Songs of the Fighting Trenches*).

During the night, gas shells came in at the Haudromont "Poste," and Kreutzberg and Hanna worked in masks for some time. Purdy, too, got some hard work; and when the "brancardiers" dropped one of his wounded men as they took him out of the car, he, also, went up in the air; but he calmed down in a few minutes and returned to his "poste" at Douaumont.

August 14. Last night was "a bird!" All the roads were under heavy bombardment — high explosives and gas shells. Holt got knocked down, and his mask fell off; and if it had not been for a Harjes-Norton boy whom he had taken up to show him the road, he undoubtedly would have been done for, as he was blinded and only semi-conscious. They dragged him a couple of hundred yards to the "poste de secours" at Haudromont, where he was given anti-gas treatment, and he got back all right. White and Flynn each got the side of his car blown out by shells, and got some gas as well; while little Tapley had his car almost entirely destroyed by a shell and two of his "blessés" killed. All the boys did finely. Curtis's car broke down, so I gave him No. 5 — that is, Gamble's machine — and he drove twice through gas to the "postes" with it. Stout and some of the others, earlier in the evening, got shelled as they crossed the Douaumont Hill, and had very close calls, having to remain in La Source dug-out for several hours, before the barrage let up and they could return with their wounded.

Dallin[1] broke down and was towed back this morning. We'll scrap Tapley's car and rebuild 17 and 14 out of it.

August 16. I nearly "got mine" yesterday. Kreutzberg broke down No. 4 in the Froide Terre, and I was out with the "camion," Pearl, and Day to repair it. After it was fixed up, as the car was not far from the Haudromont "Poste,"

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[1] Arthur Dallin. He went into the Artillery School at Fontainebleau and joined the 32d Regiment of Artillery.

I took it over to help get the "blessés" out, as Kreutzberg was worn out and I wanted him to get some sleep. On the way I met Patterson "en panne," and he warned me not to go by the Bras road, as they were "shelling hell out of it." He had only a flat tire, and, of course, I went on up by the Bras road. If I had not "Pat" would have had no respect for his officer. I got there all right, and just as I was unscrewing the radiator cap to see how the water was, a shell fell through the camouflage within five or six feet of me. It blew straight up in the air, luckily. It is the closest call I ever had excepting at Cappy. Stones, mud, and sticks rained down and the car was hit in several places. The "brancardiers" standing near by said it must have been the mass of camouflage which came down that checked the "éclats." No. 4, with its new front triangle, steered all over the place, not having been correctly adjusted. But I got my load of "blessés" and eased back all right. It was certainly lucky, as "77's" and "155's" were raining all around. Lots of newly wounded and killed men and horses lay all along the road for at least a couple of hundred yards.

Flynn, who is driving No. 17, a car presented by the "young girls of San Francisco" and which bears that name on its plate, came back to-day announcing "another German atrocity!" They've been knocking out the "young girls of San Francisco!" The whole side of his car was blown out and it now has been repaired by using up what was left of Tapley's No. 13. But it is certainly a queer-looking ambulance: half a red cross, half an Indian head, "17" on one side, "13" backward and upside down, on the other!

Strater came in with a big hole in the back of his car, where a "couché" must have had a hair-breadth escape. It passed just under the "brancard."

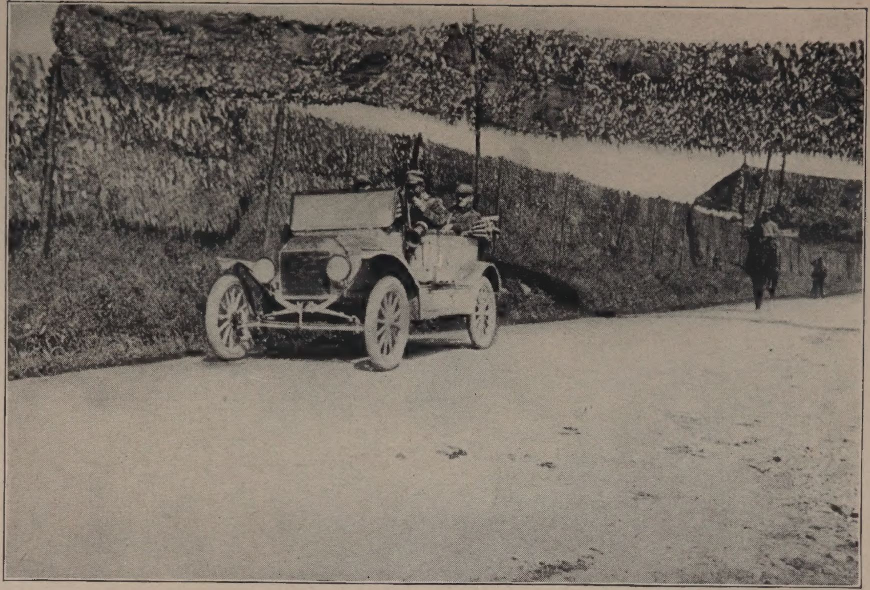
Dallin is a funny chap. He likes to go up to the "postes," even when off duty, and always asks to accompany the drivers. Just now he asked to go with Plow in the "camionnette," although the wood is being heavily bombarded. They, certainly, are a great bunch of boys! One could n't ask for a better crowd to lead.

Mr. Norton came up to inspect his Squad. He seems to be a very decent sort, excepting that he wears a monocle. The Inspector and Chef of the Automobile Service fell upon us this morning. But despite the fact that the cars are awful sights — holes all over them, radiators and mud-guards bent up, side boxes "busted" — he expressed himself as pleased with the work of the Section.

He was very anxious about the actual road ability of the cars; and when he found that all the twenty were marching, he was surprised and pleased. That is due to Pearl, who is working his head off. He keeps the cars going in spite of everything and has grown a scraggy beard and worn out his clothes in the doing. But they go. The boys, too, are fine. Hardly any sleep, food grabbed when they can get it, but they make good every time. They are a splendid bunch!

August 17. Rice came in plastered with mud, this morning. It rains every day and the roads are quagmires. Rice, who has a well-developed sense of humor, remarked, "If I were the French, I'd give the Boches the damned country and then laugh at them!"

Pearl was wounded last night. He went up with Rice to repair Stockwell's



TYPICAL FRENCH CAMOUFLAGE, WITH THE SECTION 1 STAFF CAR

The fake bushes at sides and lines of fake foliage like theatrical drop curtains overhead
are often dangerous to the ambulance-drivers, as they get hit
and fall, obstructing the road at night

car which had broken front springs through falling in a shell hole at Haudromont. A big one exploded right beside them and drove a hole as big as an egg through his forearm. Pearl kept his nerve, Rice took him to the "poste," and he calmly smoked a cigarette while the doctor dressed the wound, which was a nasty one. All the ligaments and muscles are torn, and he will retain only partial use of his hand. The Médecin Chef cited him on the spot. He is now in the hospital here at Bevaux, but I hope to get him down to Paris in a few days.[1] Red

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[1] Mr. Rice, in his little book *An Ambulance Driver in France,* gives a wonderfully graphic account of the incident. He and Mr. Pearl, as mentioned by Lieutenant Stevenson, had been ordered by him to go to repair Mr. Stockwell's car at Fort Haudromont. It was a bad night. A shell came at them with a terrific shriek, and then, a crash.

"Pearl had stepped partly from the seat and had crouched down. I had put my head down, and covered my face with my arms. The pieces of shell and rocks spattered around the car and hit it in several places.

Day[1] has taken over the mechanic's job, and is doing finely. He is quicker than

Each fraction of a second, I expected to feel a stinging sensation; but I quickly came to a realization that I was not scratched. I raised my head and asked, 'Are you all right, Pearl?' Then I saw a magnificent display of calm courage. As he stood up, Pearl replied as quietly as if he had discovered something wrong with the front tire. 'I think my arm is gone.'

"It was not gone, but badly shattered. With nervy calm and head cool, though he was bleeding badly, he got up on the seat beside me. The nearest dressing-station was at Houdraumont, and we drove on. . . .

"At Houdraumont, we left the car at the cross-roads, and started to climb the steep, muddy embankment to reach the dressing 'poste.' Pearl was losing blood and getting weak, but still calm. I am sure he was more calm than I was.

"While his wound was being dressed, I telephoned and reported the accident to Stevenson. I reported that I would remain at Houdraumont until he could be

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[1] Harwood B. Day, of Providence, Rhode Island, at the time the above was written had not yet been through the technical school at Meaux. Since then, he has taken the course and passed well. He enlisted in the American Ambulance in September, 1915, joining Section 1 in Flanders, returning home in the winter of 1916. He went back, returning to his old Section in 1917, and is now First Sergeant in S.S.U. 625, and Chief Machinist of the Section. (*Editor.*)

Pearl, though not so thorough. William Armour Pearl[1] is a Rhodes Scholar and a wonder. He is the second man wounded in this drive and probably will lose the use of his arm, fortunately the left. But

moved. There was some question as to whether he might be obliged to stay all night. But it was finally decided to move him back to the hospital at Bevaux without waiting until morning. It was now pitch dark and the roads were crowded with traffic. Progress was extremely slow on the way back. We would perhaps drive a quarter of an hour and then be held up for a quarter of an hour. Shells were arriving and shells were departing — it was a bad night.

"Whenever we stopped, I would open the little front window of the car, and ask Pearl how he felt; and always would come back the reply, 'All right.' Once we were held up for an unusually long time, and I walked ahead to see what was holding up the traffic. It was a large gun that had become ditched, and men, horses, and trucks were pulling and straining. Finally we were on our way, and without other bad delays we reached the hospital. It had taken two hours to cover less than ten miles. I saw Pearl carried from his stretcher; and then I could n't refrain from telling him what I felt: 'Pearl, you have got the finest, coolest nerve of any man I have ever seen.'"

[1] Mr. Pearl was awarded the "Médaille Militaire" on June 29, 1918. It carries with it a pension. (*Editor.*)

both men had a lucky escape. I have been driving myself in order to let some of the most worn-out get a little rest.

A new man, Regan, has arrived and looks pretty good. I eased him into the work at once. Oller has a touch of appendicitis and I have had to send him down to Vadelaincourt for treatment. But I have just received a wire saying that another new man was on his way.

August 18. Tapley had a lucky escape to-day. Up by the Vaux "Poste" a big "420" dropped behind him and completely demolished the road, causing a sort of landslide down into the ravine. He telephoned that he could n't get back, as the road was completely blocked and wanted to know what to do. I told him to get the "Génie" to fix it, which they did after some hours' work.

Every hour some story of lucky escapes and weird experiences is brought in as the men return from the "postes." It is the biggest work the Section has ever done.

August 19. The attack starts to-morrow at 4 A.M. We are to be relieved of the Haudromont "Poste" by two French Sections! Some compliment, considering that only one half of Section 1 was working the "poste"! In order to help out, I took Oller's car and drove around. We cleared the "poste" completely by night, so they could start with a clean slate.

August 20. The attack is on. Carrière Sud "Poste," where the Lieutenant and I are to take turns, is cut off temporarily by heavy barrage. He will go out with cars as soon as possible, and I am to relieve him to-morrow morning; meanwhile attending to this end.

Stout broke down on Douaumont Hill and had a merry time being towed in by

Day and the White truck. A new man, Paul Cram, has arrived.

The Lieutenant showed up finely today. He cleared the road by driving the trucks deserted by their drivers out of the tangle, shot a lot of wounded horses, and had the "Génie" drag the carcasses as well as the bodies of the drivers and so on. The road was cleared by nine in the morning, and the cars are now rolling all right.

According to latest reports we advanced one and one half kilometers in front of Douaumont, not so much over by Haudromont but sufficiently along both banks of the Meuse to take in the whole of Hill 304 on the left bank. Long strings of Boche prisoners are coming in, grinning and apparently delighted to be out of it. We see many plane fights. The boys are all rolling finely excepting Stout, and he will be on the White truck until

Day gets the car fixed up. I refused flatly to roll the whole Section at once, knowing that the next couple of days will be harder yet. That's why I'm rolling ten and saving ten.

August 22. I spent yesterday at the "poste." The attack has been an unexpectedly big success. All counter-attacks have been frustrated. The Sanitary Service worked finely. Everybody is praising the Americans. Piatt Andrew and Colonel Kean, of the United States Army, came up in the afternoon. They had a lively trip both ways. I showed them around and came back with them. A shell broke right alongside of the car, and showered rocks and mud all over it. Shrapnel also came close to us, and we passed many dead bodies of men and horses in every stage of decomposition and dismemberment. We also passed many Boche prisoners. In fact our visitors were treated to the entire "mise-en-scène" of the battle of Verdun. I think that they were decidedly impressed.

To-day things are quieter. Rice had another close call at La Source, however. Cram, the new man, did well; also the other new man, Regan.

It is funny how certain things help. There has been a dead horse lying for several days just at the top of the hill, coming out of Chambouillat. First he swelled up, and now he is beginning to disintegrate. The boys have christened him "Old Wrinkle Belly." They feel that, once they have passed him, they are comparatively safe. This is not true, as the shelling at Fleury corner and Saint-Fismes is just as dangerous, although the road improves. At night they can always smell "Old Wrinkle Belly" fifty yards before they come to him, and that encourages them, they say.

Of course, the smell is terrific everywhere; and some of the troops wear their gas masks on account of this as much as because of the gas. The drivers of the dead wagons generally wear their masks, too, as do the collectors of the dead. At first I was inclined to attribute it to a sort of superstition, as not wishing their faces to be exposed during their gruesome business of putting together dismembered bodies or collecting them in sacks; but they tell me that it is simply on account of the odor.

Still another new man came up to-day: Mark Brennan, who has been in Salonica with Section 10. He looks a bit nervous, but may be all right.

August 23. I was asked by the Harjes contingent to stand sponsor for the decoration of Reed, their man who had his hand blown off. As there were, as yet, no Croix de Guerre men in their

Section, they invited me to officiate. So the ceremony came off yesterday afternoon.

Last night we had a big aeroplane raid around here. One man was killed by a mitrailleuse on the road in front of the hospital, and an ammunition storage place was blown up. Many bombs fell close to our camp and most of the boys took to the trenches and to the dug-outs.

Dallin leaves to-morrow. I am awfully sorry to see him go. I am sending down Curtis, as he is in a nervous condition and is useless to us; also Oller, who has appendicitis, and poor Pearl. O'Connell came to me with a tale of woe about being sick also, and I am easing him off too. The fewer weak brethren we have with us just now, the better. This is real work.

August 24. This job certainly is instructive, if nothing else. I am becoming

A SHRAPNEL EXPLOSION

quite a doctor. I treat all my children with the medicine chest furnished by the Service. All the various dopes are described and numbered in a little catalogue. I catechize the patient, look wise, scratch my chin, and then, after a quick "once over" of the catalogue, hand him out the pills, quoting the instructions as if I really knew something about them. Personally, I have lived through two years on "granules des Vosges" and "pinard" very successfully. The former is the best cure for colds I ever struck, and the other settles all stomach troubles.

Strater broke down again to-day. This time it is a back axle. I first sent out Plow in the "camionnette," and then, luckily, thought I'd take a look myself with the staff car. Found him in the bottom of a ravine near Fort Tavannes, and it would have been impossible to get him out except by hooking up both cars tandem and touring him out that way. We've christened it "System D."

August 27. The French made another advance last night on Beaumont, but later got thrown back. We are taking prisoners of the Bavarian Guard just now. The French big guns did some remarkable shooting the other day. There was a sort of obelisk about the size of Cleopatra's needle, some three kilometers inside the Boche lines, which they used as a sighting and observation post. One of the big guns back at Haudainville, fully fifteen kilometers away, was ordered to destroy it. The first shot fell right beside the monument, and the second blew it to pieces.

One of the Harjes men, fooling with a "75" detonator fuse, pretty nearly blew off his hand yesterday, and received a number of splinters in his stomach. He had to go through a severe operation; but, of course, he is getting very little sympathy, as he certainly has had enough warnings not to fool with hand grenades, fusees, and the like.

Curtis, O'Connell, Oller went off on sick-leaves. I also sent down Pearl and Dallin, the latter's term being up. I am awfully sorry to see the two latter go not to return.

Up at the "poste" again yesterday. The road is in better shape, but the smell is frightful from the unburied dead.

Bullard, the Chef of Harjes Section, which is working with us, had a remarkably narrow escape the other day. An "éclat" of a shell which exploded right in front of his car hit his watch after cutting his trousers and coat. The watch was hammered into his stomach, but only one eighth of an inch or so, leaving a nasty cut and a big bruise. The "éclat" was driven into the watch and through a half-franc piece! He's got the whole collection as a souvenir. This even beats Waldo Peirce's pocketbook for luck, although Bullard was too much shaken to pull the "bon mot" Waldo did. Bullard is a splendid fellow, and he is doing mighty well with his raw Section. He looks dreadfully tired, and it must be some strain to have to tackle such a Lieutenant as his — especially, perfectly new at the game as he is — in addition to his new men. I certainly take off my hat to him.

August 28. Boche counter-attacks continue, but the French artillery seems able to hold them. Long lines of prisoners still come past us. The Germans are bombing and shelling everything indiscriminately, including hospitals. They killed a number of women nurses at Vadelaincourt. The hospital there is close to the aviation camp, and they may have been trying for the latter. At Belonpy and Dugny, however, there was no mistake. They killed a number of nurses and also the Division Paymaster.

Here, at Beaulieu Bevaux, they shell the barracks on one side of us and the railway on the other, and lob big fellows on to the "convois" below and behind us. So the fellows who are supposed to be resting from front-line work get relatively little sleep. The strain is terrific, but the men are standing up to it magnificently.

August 29. The 42d Division, which bore the brunt of the big attack and to which we asked as a favor to be attached, is coming out to-day, and our own Division, the 69th, is going in. This means a continuation of the work for us, for a while at least; but it should help our reputation a lot! It is about the longest the Section has ever had in real attacking work, and every car is still rolling. I slipped Stocky, Holt, and Purdy surreptitiously on to Paris. It helps the morale of the men to feel that they are not being "stung" out of their "permissions"; and they certainly deserved it.

I suppose that we shall lose the Harjes Section now that we are attached once more to our own Divisionists. Fine as are the fellows, I shall not regret their very annoying Lieutenant, who is constantly butting into our affairs. Being the oldest man in point of service, he has a right to give orders to our Lieutenant, despite the fact that this Section is by far the elder of the two, and that the men are all experienced and quite capable of teaching him his job. He is not a Chevalier Bayard, and he assumed for himself all the credit for our Lieutenant's splendid work up at the Front "postes."

He himself stayed back here and let us handle the advance stuff. Then he'd undertake to give all sorts of conflicting orders, to which, however, we paid not the slightest attention, but kept on doing our own job — and doing it well, too.

August 31. A shell landed right on top of car No. 4 at Carrière Sud last night. Luckily, Regan, the driver, slid for the dug-out in time. The car was entirely destroyed and two Harjes Fiats were also badly damaged. We have stripped what could be used and scrapped it, wiring Andrew for a new car to replace it. Red Day and I had a tight squeak in the staff car at Haudainville. They were shelling the road with "220's" at half-a-minute's intervals. So we got up as close as we dared, and then made a dash for it with the throttle wide open just after a shell had landed. We made it by the skin of our teeth, the next shell falling within thirty feet behind us exactly on the road. The shock was terrific and our ears were dulled for an hour or more. Coming back, the shelling had stopped.

September 1. Section 61, our next-door neighbors, were celebrating last night, as they are going to the rear. They invented a new battle song for the occasion, the chorus of which began: "Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to the rear!" Hardly heroic, but doubtless expressive of the real sentiments of those concerned. Our boys "kidded" them, shouting over in derision: "Section 1 to the Front, Harjes to the rear!!" Boys will be boys!

September 2. Our Division the 69th, is in again. Having served it from August 1 to 10, and then the 42d from August 10 to September 1, we are going on again now. Some record! We took the Médecin Principal up this morning in

Cram's car. It was a scream. The road was being shelled both with shrapnel and high explosives and the old man was pretty nervous. When we got to the Carrière Sud opening, he did not even wait for the car to stop before he jumped for the "abri." He forgot to thank Cram for taking him up!

The Boches shelled around the hospital all day to-day, and the smell is fierce, as they landed several of their shells in the graveyard. They nearly did for Regan, incidentally, as he came around the corner to enter the hospital with a load of "blessés." The Harjes Section, after all, got left about going to the rear! They are simply "en repos" here.

We get shelled all day, and the "avions" drop bombs on us every clear night. For the first time I hear the men hoping for rain! Those boys, by the way, have been wonderful. I never saw such work as they have been doing. It far exceeds anything the Section has done before, and I really don't see how they keep it up. Of course, I give them every bit of rest I can, and insist upon their being fed at all hours, both day and night. It is putting a crimp in the Section's books, but it's keeping them physically fit, anyway.

September 4. Yesterday was a big day for S.S.U. No. 1. Six men were cited. Flynn, Tapley, Hanna, Stockwell, White, and the Lieutenant. Fine citations, too, all for special work for the 42d Division — not our own, but the one for which we were asked as a favor to work. Harjes's got two — but they are being sent to the rear. An English Section takes their place. We worked with them about this time last year, and they are supposed to be about the best English Section. Another attack is scheduled for around the 8th, and they tell us they want the very best Sections to be had! Some compliment!

Flynn went in on "permission" today. I fear that he won't come back. The Hayes Section lost two men by desertion yesterday, to cap the climax of their troubles. Altogether they're in wrong. I feel sorry for poor Bullard, who is such a fine fellow.

Here is a copy of the letter of the Colonel of the 153d Brigade: —

153^e Brigade. État-Major. P.C. 21 Août 1917.

Le Colonel Pongin, Cdt. la 153^e d'infanterie.
A Monsieur le Général Commandant
la 42^e Division.

J'ai l'honneur de vous signaler la conduite absolument remarquable du détachement du B.D. 42^e depuis son arrivée au secteur à la Carrière Sud. Je tiens à vous signaler particulièrement:

Le groupe des auto-sanitaires Américains

S.S.U. No. 1, et S.S.U. 61, qui a fait preuve de la plus belle crânerie et d'un courage superbe en assurant, de jour et de nuit, sous les bombardements les plus violents, malgré les gazes toxiques et le mauvais état des routes, le transport de nos blessés.

(signé) A. PONGIN

Stockwell returned last night. He will stay until his commission in the American Artillery comes through. He tells me that Purdy has signed up again — good news! As for Holt, he has tonsillitis in Paris caused by the gas he inhaled at Haudromont. Buell, one of the new men, got a touch of gas last night, and I got the doctor to give him an emetic. He's all right to-day. We had gas here at Bevaux also last night. It kept every one snuffling and sneezing, but was not strong enough to bother with masks.

Steve Galatti came up from Paris to give us the "once over" yesterday. As the Boche long-range guns were shelling the place at the time, and, the night before, the German aviators had dropped bombs on him at Souilly, where he had been passing the night on his way here, and as the gas was quite perceptible, he got a fair idea of our work even without going to the Front "postes." I offered to take him, but he declined on account of lack of time, and went down on the line to see the other Sections.

September 6. I went the round of the "postes" with the Lieutenant yesterday. When we reached the top of the Douaumont Hill, we found Ned Townsend blocked on his way to Carrière Sud; the road was being shelled and an enormous crater had been formed — or rather a series of craters. Really, there was no road at all. We fixed it up by pulling away débris sufficiently to permit a Ford to worm its way past, and finally got up. Coming back, Ned blew a tire right in the same spot; and, as the Boches could see us plainly, it was n't much fun fixing it. We had to duck for an "abri" once, when a bunch of shells lit right close by. The lieutenant got some good pictures, I hope.

We have made all arrangements to work with the new English Section No. 1. We are paid a compliment by the Médecin Chef, who refused to allow us to work on alternate days. He said that he wanted to be sure to have a few Fords, as it would be impossible for the big English cars (Rolls-Royce, Napiers, Panhards, etc.) to get up the Carrière Sud road.

Poor Rice went to pieces at about dinner-time; but when he overheard White calling him a quitter he went out and cranked his car and started up. The man was all gone; so when I heard he had disobeyed orders, I went to hunt him up around ten o'clock. I found him out near Sainte-Fismes, and cursed him for disobeying and sent him back. I also jumped on White, who had no business to criticize a man who had worked until he broke down.[1] It is the quitters that need cursing — men who lie down on their work. I have to be constantly after the latter. In one case it was easy to get rid of the man the moment he asked to go. He got his wish so fast that it must have surprised him, as it did others. Little Tapley has an abscess; so, as he is pretty well done up, I sent him down to Paris for his Croix and gave him two days' "permission" to get his teeth fixed.

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[1] Referring in his book to this episode, Mr. Rice says: —

"On the fifteenth of September, after forty-five days and forty-five nights under shell fire day and night, we received orders to go on repose. A little while later Stevenson packed me in his staff car and started me on my way to Paris to see a doctor.

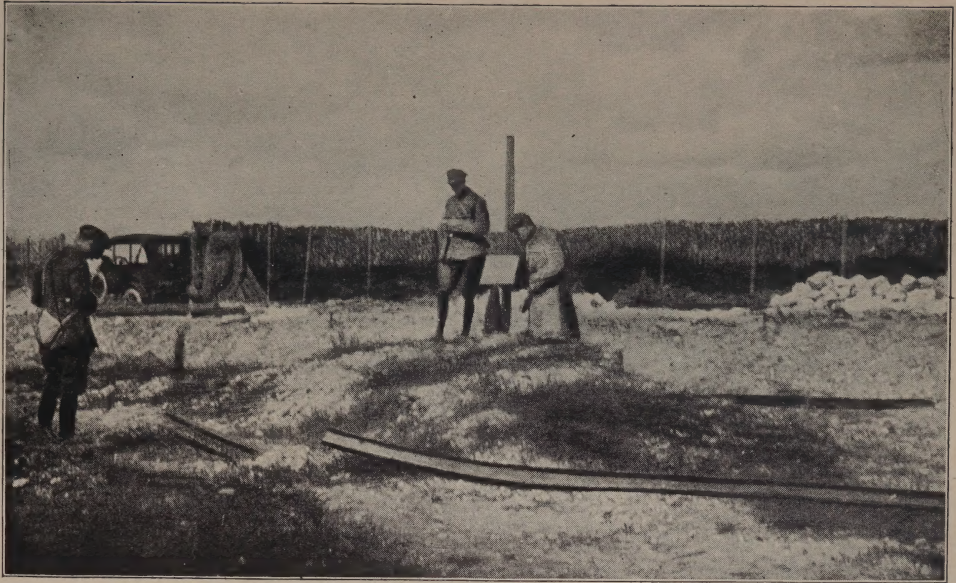
"I was not elated — I was utterly dejected. I had wanted to finish strong and I had all but finished in the discard. 'Take a month off or as long as you need, but I want you to come back,' was Steve's kind and cheering parting, as the car pulled down the road.

"The men in the Section had all been wonderful. Lieutenant Reymond had been magnificent; but I am sure but for the brainy, watchful, sympathetic leadership of William Yorke Stevenson, the Section would never have held together those long days and nights, in that seething, shrieking, blood-stained Hell in front of Verdun — 'the valley of the shadow of death.'"

An amusing thing occurred at Bar-le-Duc: Tapley was buying a little Croix ribbon, and an old "poilu," noticing his extreme youth, came up and kissed him! You may imagine Tapley's feelings!

A photograph, taken at this time, of the station of the village of Fleury shows that there is not a vestige of the village left. You can tell it by *one* piece of rail! The Boches are just behind the camouflage, which may be seen along the road, where the car is. The man in the raincoat is William A. Pearl, who was wounded near there later that very afternoon, and will lose the use of his arm. H. B. Day is the other fellow standing beside him; while I am taking a picture of the post, with the sign "Gare de Fleury" propped up on the unexploded Boche "220" millimeter shell. Douaumont is on the left, and Vaux and Tavannes on the right, but concealed by the camouflage.

We are still hard at work, and the men are still doing wonderfully, considering the strain under which they have been for five weeks. Two of the cars have been completely destroyed by shells, and several others have been very badly hit; but we have managed to patch them up with bits of board and odds and ends. They don't look like ambulances, but they run. The sides of one have simply been remade out of two canvas sleeping-bags. Only two of the men have broken down under the nerve strain, but they're all getting pretty jumpy. The wounded man and two of the men who were gassed, I sent down to Paris. The others who were only slightly gassed were fixed up here.



THE ONCE VILLAGE OF FLEURY

CHAPTER VIII

SECTION 1 EARNS ARMY CITATION AND THE PALM

Voici l'heure qui bout de sang et de jeunesse . . .
Un vaste espoir, venu de l'inconnu, déplace
L'Équilibre ancien dont les âmes sont lasses;
La nature parait sculpter
Un visage nouveau à son éternité.
VERHAEREN, *La Foule* (*Les Visages de la Vie*)

September 7. The attack starts at 4.30 A.M. to-morrow. Last night was a stinger. Dix[1] was from 9.30 to 4 A.M. getting through, and his car was hit half a dozen times. One of the English cars was ditched, and the road is simply lined with dead and wounded men and horses, ditched and smashed trucks, caissons.

Two of Dix's "couchés" got out of the car and hid in "abris," and he had a hard time finding them. I cannot understand how the one in the top stretcher ever managed it; Farnham and Patterson had bad times too. Rice's nerves are better to-day; I dosed him with Veranol and put him to bed. To-day he insisted on taking his turn; he is still game! — but I shall order him off to-night.[1]

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[1] Roger Sherman Dix, Jr., entered the Aviation Service. He died of injuries received at the Front in an airplane accident on May 16, 1918. He was from Greenbush, Massachusetts, and was a Harvard man. (*Editor.*)

Fords are apparently classed with carrier pigeons by the French Army now! At least, I received the following letter this morning: —

H.D. Sept. 6th, 1917

Captain Foix, Intelligence Officer, to the Staff of the 32d Army Corps: —

To the Officer Commanding the American Ambulances: —

Dear Sir: I herewith send you two crates of pigeons for General Riberpray's Division whose headquarters is in the Carrière Sud.

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[1] Mr. Rice's heart, I have since heard, was not strong when he went over; but his pluck carried him through almost until the very end of those awful six weeks. (*Editor.*)

You would be very kind to deliver them on behalf of the 32d Army Corps. You would thus do me a great service, for our cars cannot go so far. I thank you very sincerely for your kind help and remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,
Henri Foix

With this letter there came two crates of perfectly good carrier pigeons, to be used because telephone communication is cut, and the road is not likely to be constantly passable! Some "ad" for Ford cars! I gave them to Ned Townsend and told him to "fly" with them!

Regan pulled "a funny one" up at the "poste." He had some pretty close calls getting there, so he asked the Lieutenant if he could see the Catholic priest, as he had not confessed for some time. The Lieutenant found the priest, but the latter could n't understand English and Regan knew no French. Regan then asked the Lieutenant to translate his confession; but the Lieutenant, being a Catholic himself, refused, because, he said, it was n't the proper thing for a third party to hear a confession. Then the priest had a happy thought, and said that he could absolve, or do whatever Regan's sins required, without understanding them. So Regan confessed in English, and got next to Heaven in good shape, although the priest did n't understand a word. At any rate, everybody seems to have been satisfied.

September 11. Some hectic sessions we've had in the last few days! On the 9th a heavy fog obscured the roads and we had much gas. Six cars were knocked out; Stocky and Hanna collided full head on and smashed both front assemblies; Buell wrapped himself up around a tree — which he swears walked right out in the middle of the road. He was so dead-tired that he saw things moving. I have often had that happen myself. Cram broke the engine support of his own car, and later, dropped No. 5 (Tapley's) over the bank, and down some twenty feet, at Chambouillat, too, the hottest corner there is on the run. He could n't see on account of his mask; and when the latter came off as he dived under his car, he got considerable gas. His car brought up against a "camion" which had previously tumbled over the bank at the same place. Luckily it remained upright and we were able to tow it out this morning.

As for Cram, himself, he first fell over a dead horse, and then landed in a trench on top of a dead man. Shrapnel was falling all over the place; but he finally got out all right, although he is pretty low now from gas.

The latest method to rehabilitate "blessés," particularly "couchés," is to be stopped by a cut road or a smashed-up "ravitaillement" train, while shells are coming in. Stout, Dix, Buell, and several others report remarkable resurrections. "Couchés" get out and run like deer; while "assis" make regular Annette Kellerman dives into "abris." Dix had to go up and down a line of dugouts shouting: "Oosong mes blessés! Oosong mes blessés!" for half an hour the other night, before he finally corralled them and proceeded on his way. He said that one of his "couchés" actually climbed off the top-stretcher and succeeded in unfastening the back all by himself!

Purdy broke his rear axle running over a dead horse. Three of the big English cars were ditched and the men refused to run any more at night. So we take on most of the night work, and they will help us all they can in the daytime.

The attack, by the way, was only

partly successful and very costly. One Division, the 128th, lost over three thousand men, one entire regiment being surrounded and wiped out. The Lieutenant and I took turns at the Front "poste."

Last night the road was completely cut by a heavy barrage. As soon as it ceased, I went up and filled the largest holes by throwing rocks into them, and removed broken caissons, etc. I found the people at the "poste" acting like a bunch of "nuts." No one doing anything but rave. So I took charge and we cleared the "poste" within two hours.

An amusing incident occurred when a shell fell and destroyed completely one of the big English cars which already had been injured. I was fixing things so that our cars could pass up to the door of the "abris," avoiding the burning English car, when a tall man in a blue cap called to me, "Why have n't you got on your helmet?" Thinking that he was just a Lieutenant like the rest of us, I shouted back, "How about yourself?" There was a laugh from one or two of the other "stripers" who were in the group with the tall man, and when I looked up to see what they were laughing at, I saw it was General Riberpray, himself! — the Commander of the 128th Division. I supposed that I'd get at least a reprimand for taking liberties with a superior officer; but he only grinned and said nothing. I'd forgotten to put on my tin derby in the hustle of getting my cars out of danger.

Later, General Riberpray asked me about the condition of the road. I told him of the big horse "camion," full of "pinard" and cheeses, which we had been obliged to move out, as the horses had been killed and the men had "beaten it." I also told him that we could n't get away with the "pinard," as the kegs were too big to handle, but that we had taken as many cheeses as we could. "Mon Dieu," he shouted, "those are my cheeses! that's my ravitaillement wagon!" I said I guessed that he was out of luck; and we had a good laugh over it, he thanking me for fixing things so that the roads could be used. Afterwards fresh horses were sent down and the wagon was brought up.

I came back with Brennan[1] at about three o'clock in the morning. The road had been repaired by the "Génie" and the night had cleared; and except for the customary shrapnel, there was nothing going on.

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[1] Mark V. Brennan remained with the Section when it became S.S.U. 625. In April 19–22, 1918, he distinguished himself at Seicheprey for coolness and bravery and received a letter of commendation from General Pershing. Two other men of the Section, Harold E. Purdy and Edward A. G. Wylie, received similar letters. (See *Bulletin of the American Field Service*, June 22, 1918. *Editor*.)

Meantime the hospital and surrounding grounds were being shelled with big fellows — probably "380's." One landed square in the hospital yard while I was working at the typewriter. "Éclats" and bits of rock sang all over the place; but, of course, I was flat on the ground.

Rice had a narrow escape when an "éclat" as big as your hand fell exactly where his head should have been on his pillow. It came straight down through the tent. Usually he lies reading at that time in the morning; but this time he happened to be outside. Another fell through the dining-room tent and nearly brought down Weeny, our waiter, as he was peeling potatoes. Rice remarked that he'd just as leave go up to the "poste" and sleep there! By a curious dispensation of Providence, full of poetic justice, the only casualty on that occasion, however, was a perfectly good

Boche prisoner who was killed instantly by a bit of stone hitting him square on the forehead, à la David and Goliath.

September 12. General Riberpray was killed yesterday morning. It could n't have been more than two hours after we had the conversation about "pinard," cheeses, and helmets! It appears that he went down the line and a shell got him. It is too bad; he seemed to be a good sort. He is to be buried at Bar-le-Duc.

We had a comparatively quiet night for us. Only three cars smashed! Elliott and Ned Townsend collided at Chambouillet; Ned having previously smashed the front and back axles of his own car, No. 7, at Carrière Sud, while taking up Harold Kingsland, who used to be in our Section, and is now taking movies to raise Red Cross funds, with Paul Rainey, the explorer and brother of Roy Rainey, the pigeon-shooter. Ned then took the new car, No. 4; but it has only a bent front axle and triangle. Elliott's car is practically gone; both front and back axles, side box and fenders. Ned will now drive No. 9 (Rice's) and Hugh, No. 5 (Tapley's). Flynn returned last night and I gave him No. 4 to fix up. Robin Jay was not exactly pleased, but everybody has got to do the best he can with the wrecks we have. I have wired Paris for another new car and a new man as well.

The "remorqueurs" came again this morning. They were not too well satisfied when they found where they had to go to get Ned's and Elliott's cars. Shelling was light, however, — only gas. I gave them "pinard" and coffee, which put them in a better humor; but they remarked that if they were us, they'd find another garage for their cars.

At last, orders have come for us to

move. We leave to-morrow for Vaucouleurs, immortalized by being the place where Joan of Arc came to beg the local Duke to come to the assistance of the King of France, Charles VII. The boys are perfectly delighted.

September 14. I spent a rotten night. I could n't sleep for fear some of the boys at the "postes" would get killed on their last night. The Lieutenant remarked the same thing. Everybody came through, however, and we left for Bar-le-Duc, where I arranged to give the boys a big dinner and a night's rest *between sheets* at the best hotel. The Lieutenant left this morning on "permission" long overdue, and goes to Dinard to join his wife.

As we left, the Boches gave us a parting send-off by landing half a dozen big shells around us. It certainly sped up the parting guests! How fast the tents were taken down was beyond all imagination.

The Englishmen (A.A. No. 1) invited the Lieutenant and me to dinner last night and were mighty nice to us. They said that we "had set them a pace that they found it damned hard to follow." Pretty good for the usually undemonstrative and supercilious Englishman, was n't it?

September 15. The dinner was a big success. As usual it rained during the run to Bar-le-Duc. Cram pulled a regular "Baylies" by driving deliberately over a bank. It's getting to be a habit. I had to have him hauled out by a wrecking crew and towed. The boys now refer to "Cramming a car" in the same way we used to employ the verb "to Baylies." The fellows made me pretty speeches at the dinner; and Patterson was the only man to get gay, although I gave them all the champagne they wanted.

PART III

October 1917

THE PASSING OF THE VOLUNTEER
S.S.U. NO. 1 BECOMES NO. 625
AMBULANCE CORPS, U.S.A.
EN REPOS IN LORRAINE
THE LAND OF JEANNE D'ARC

CHAPTER IX

DOMREMY AND VAUCOULEURS — REWARDS

O brave young soul! who went forth unafraid,
A simple peasant Maid;
The Saints who bade thee go are silent now —
But speaking still art thou.

Under the Stars that greet the stars thine eyes
Behold in Paradise,
Under the Stripes to thy loved France revealed,
Thy comrades take the field. . . .

Though the barbarian level to the ground
The fane where he was crowned,
The timorous King who left thee to thy fate,
They did not come too late. . . .

Thy voice, above the Voices heard by thee,
Shall bid them set France free;
They shall complete the work thy love began!
For thy dear sake, Sainte Jeanne!

EDWARD FULLER (*Public Ledger, Philadelphia*)

THE Vaucouleurs trip was somewhat broken as to convoy, as I had to turn in four cars at the Bar-le-Duc "parc," to have their bodies rebuilt and generally overhauled. The Kitchen car and a couple of others got lost, but they turned up all right later. We have pleasant quarters; many of the men, however, preferred to rent rooms in the town, the average price for which is from five francs to seven francs a week. The main squad are quartered in the ballroom of a little café.

This is a beautiful part of France — Nancy, Vaucouleurs, Toul. The country has not been messed-up by the war, and it is the first time I have realized that some of those rare tapestries which I used to look at, but failed to appreciate, were mere exact copies of what the country looks like.

We are slowly getting over the recent work. Personally, I slept straight through for twenty-four hours, after I had settled the men in their cantonnements and had officially reported that we were here minus four cars which had been smashed by the Boches. Our wounded man, Pearl, is coming around nicely, excepting for the loss of the use of his left arm; and the gassed men are pretty well, thanks to the antidotes they got in good time.

We have had wonderful luck in coming out of the offensive virtually intact, at least as far as men go, for not a single car in the whole outfit, excepting the staff car, escaped without a hole. The reason the staff car did not get "stung," too, was that we did n't dare use it, and I ran to the posts in an ambulance.

At all events, we seem to have made quite an impression, as the English Section working with us could not make the front posts excepting in the daytime, whereas we made them day and night on account of the lightness of the Fords, and the quick-wittedness of our drivers who filled up shell holes as fast as they were made, with anything handy. Often we would remake the road sufficiently for a

Ford to pass over, three or four times in one night.

We are now "en repos," far from the firing-line. The Médecin Chef has been most kind and has cited several of our boys whom the Lieutenant and I thought especially deserving.

On our way here we passed many American troops in training, and they gave us no end of cheers when they saw the famous Indian Head sign on our cars, and so knew that we had just come out of Verdun.

One of the American officers remarked that he "never had seen such a looking crew." To be sure, one half of the boys were wearing poilu trousers and poilu shoes! Some had on helmets; and all had a week or two's growth of beard. Every one was covered with mud, and the cars were all smashed up as to headlights, fenders, radiators, and also covered with mud and dozens of éclat holes. Altogether, it was a scaly-looking bunch of heroes — Don César de Bazans, every one!

September 17. I sent down Farnham, Day, and Townsend on "permission" and Regan on sick-leave. The latter has a badly infected eye. I am slowly getting the cars cleaned — also the men.

It is curious how these sophisticated fellows turn to religion after it is all over. Here are Brennan, Ryan, White, Flynn, and others, who all went to church!

September 18. The Lieutenant being away as well as de Maré, all the "paperasserie" has fallen on Fortin and me. We are having a beastly time with the "dinky" official letters, telegrams, telephone calls, and the rest. Poor Fortin is working his head off. As for myself, my brain is turning into a sort of whirling spray. The "Loot" went off too soon, it seems, and I spend my time soft-soaping officials and trying to explain his absence — which is not always made easy.

We expect to move again shortly, and the blessed White truck has a "bum" wheel. We are situated where we have no auto park to call upon, being neither in the Nancy, Toul, or Bar-le-Duc districts, and hence are hopelessly handicapped. The Rochet-Schneider will have to make at least two trips to move the essence and oil supply to the Atelier.

As for the future, and notwithstanding Paris gossip about the personnel of the coming service, in the new adjustments, as far as I can judge, Piatt Andrew and Colonel Jefferson Kean will work together. We, the field men, are to be taken over. Section 1 has not as yet been reached by the recruiting officers, as we shifted just about the time when they were due to take us. At present showing, I think that about sixty or seventy per cent of the fellows will sign up, although the Norton-Harjes crowd have quit "en masse." I had a long talk with Mr. Richard Norton himself about it. He was very nice in what he said. He considers that his work has been done. The old club volunteer spirit must now be eliminated.

I must say that in this I think he is mistaken, because we will be affected to the French Army; and apart from the red tape, which is even worse with us Americans than it is with the French, there should be little alteration brought into our mode of life and work.

I understand that I am to be taken into the American Army with the equivalent rank to that which I hold in the French Service at present, which is that of First Lieutenant. I wear two stripes. Personally, I do not care much, so long as I can remain with my men and with the French to whom I am accustomed. There is much in knowing the ways and point of view of those with whom one is serving, in such work as this.

September 20. Two new men arrived during the night. They are Huston and Kleineck. The latter looks very good. He is middle-aged and serious. The former is very young and knows nothing about a Ford; neither does he know any French; but doubtless he'll soon pick up enough to get along. So far, my boys are behaving nicely, thank the Lord; but I'm not crazy about staying here long, with the bad example of the raw recruits who are now around us. We are to leave for Allainville, near Neufchâteau.

September 24. This is a nice little town hidden away in a beautiful rolling country said to be full of wild boars.[1] Stout and

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[1] Lieutenant Stevenson eventually had some good sport, as shown in a letter to a friend: "I was invited by the Mayor of a near-by town to go on an official

Plow have been out hunting, but so far have failed to get a shot.

The Auto Service wants to make a ceremony of the distribution of the new Croix de Guerre awarded for the September work done by the 69th Division. First, I inclined to have the other men who were decorated by the 42d Division also officially decorated at the same time. But on second thought, we decided, Fortin and I, that it would look like too much of a crowd for so small a personnel; so I distributed the Croix last night. Fortin made a speech before handing them out

wild boar hunt last Sunday, and had a great time. They employ beaters and dogs, and they handed me an ancient shot-gun using the old-fashioned pin-fire cartridges of Civil War days. I got one boar, but, worse luck, he died in another fellow's sector. There were quite a number of important civilians in the party. We had a bully picnic luncheon, and forgot there was a war going on, except for an occasional airplane fight. During the luncheon a Boche two-seater was brought down, the occupants being smashed to a pulp. One of them wore the Iron Cross." (*Editor.*)

to Elliott, Flynn, Hanna, Stockwell, Tapley, White, and me. Of course, Elliott and I won ours in Champagne; but as we left the 42d Cavalry at that time, we never went through any regular ceremony other than reading the citations. Accordingly, we had a little speechifying, and a mild jollification.

September 28. Lieutenant Reymond returned from his "permission" to-day. The boys have lots of fun with the peasants. They dance with the girls and jolly them in great style. We had a regular party last night — Rapp, Ogier, *et al.*, whistled on pieces of cardboard; others sang, and all had a fine time.

September 29. Ned Townsend, Rice, Farnham, and Day got back from their "permissions" rather the worse for wear; but who could blame them? My own "permission," which I have not been able to take since August, is so long overdue that it may have to go by altogether. I don't dare to leave while these citations are hanging fire. There are splendid rumors about, but, as yet, nothing official.

October 4. Section 1 has been cited BY ORDER OF THE ARMY, and gets the Palm. Also Lieutenant Reymond and myself!

I have wired home the citation which reads as follows: —

2ème Armée, État-Major
Ordre Général N° 924 4 Octobre 1917

Section Sanitaire Américaine N° 1

Sous la direction du Sous-Lieutenant Reymond, James, et du Commandant Américain Stevenson, Yorke, s'est vaillamment comportée au cours de l'offensive devant Verdun, en août 1917, faisant l'admiration de tous par sa crânerie et son zèle, en dépit du bombardement incessant des routes par gros obus asphyxiants. N'a pas interrompu son service malgré des pertes sensibles.

(Signé) *Le Général Commandant l'Armée*
GUILLAUMAT

October 6. Other citations have come in — Kreutzberg, Farnham, Purdy,[1] Stout, Holt, and Dallin. The last two have left, but I am very glad they got theirs, as they deserved them well. More citations are still coming in — Day, Townsend (this makes his second), and Plow; also Rapp and Blanchard, two Frenchmen who are connected with our Section.

The Médecin Principal of the 69th Division, to which S.S.U. No. 1 was attached at the time of the second attack on Bezenvaux, at Verdun, who had been seriously wounded on that famous night when General Riberpray was killed, wrote to congratulate us on our fine citation of which he had heard.[1] The letter is addressed to Lieutenant Reymond: —

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[1] Harold E. Purdy remained with the Section when it became S.S.U. 625. He was one of those loaned by Lieutenant Stevenson to the American Division next to the French Division to which he was attached, and "volunteered to do stretcher-bearer work under heavy fire when the regular men ran short, and acquitted himself with conspicuous bravery during the three days' fighting around Seicheprey. April 19–22, 1918."

The above is quoted from a letter Mr. Purdy received from General Pershing himself, published in the *Bulletin of American Ambulance Field Service*, June 22, 1918. Two other men of Section 625 were also commended for similar service at the same time. (*Editor.*)

Mon cher camarade: —

C'est à Castrier, où je suis en train de me remettre de la grave blessure que j'ai reçue le 7 Septembre devant Verdun, que me parvient l'heureuse nouvelle de la citation à l'ordre de l'Armée obtenue par la S.S.U. N° 1. J'ai vu à l'œuvre votre brillant personnel, et je suis enchanté d'apprendre qu'on à rendu, justice à son magnifique allant, à son endurance, à son courage, et à son dévouement. Je vous adresse, ainsi qu'au Lieutenant Stevenson, mes plus chaleureuses félicitations.

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[1] At the time the surgeon was wounded, the road was completely cut off by barrage fire; in fact, there was no road until Lieutenant Stevenson with some of his men went up and repaired it enough for the Fords to get through. That night, General Riberpray, Commanding the Sector, and the 128th Division, thanked the Lieutenant personally for reëstablishing communication for traffic, and he earned his second reward. The General was killed two or three hours later on that night. (*Editor*. See below, September 12.)

Votre cordialement dévoué
(Signé) W. P. GARY
Médecin Principal de la 96^e *Division*

Our real reward, however, is that the Section has figured in the big French victory at Verdun, and has received all sorts of praise from those who saw it at work. We had only two men wounded, although several others were gassed, and some had nervous breakdown. We certainly were lucky, as so many of our ambulances were destroyed or badly damaged. Several of our men, however, are now ill with dysentery as a result of the gassing they got. Stockwell has been operated on; Buell, Elliott, and Dix are being treated at Johns Hopkins Hospital, near here. I, myself, had a couple of close calls, as I drove myself at intervals to give some of the men a rest. And, of course, the Lieutenant and I took turns at the front-line "postes." Bodies of men and horses littered the roads in various stages of disintegration and many still lay there for days after the battle ended. Luckily I have a good constitution. I am feeling fine and getting stouter every day. I shall be a sight when I get home at this rate — perfectly round, like a ball.

Dilapidated as the Section seems to be just now, we feel that we are going out of the old régime into the new with every reason to be proud of its record. Personally, I cannot find words to express what I think of those wonderful boys. May the new Service live up to the old!

Webster and his recruiting squad arrived here on September 30, and about one half of the Section signed up. Some of the best men are leaving — also some of the least efficient, so that, on the whole, I am fairly well satisfied. All the more so as we are to remain with the French Army. Our Division is now training the American troops.

Of course, "Bob" Glendinning is a friend of mine, and has suggested my joining him. But that would mean ground aviation work, owing to my defective eyesight. It would be something like a clerkship in Paris. On the other hand, Piatt Andrew's attitude toward the question is that "to every man his best job." In other words, I know this game and would have to learn the other. Most of my friends now are in aviation, so I was rather keen to be with them. However, I shall stick to this job "au grand air"! Therefore, I have accepted a First Lieutenancy in the American Ambulance Service.

After all, I love the life; and the Section's standard, as far as the personnel goes, is as good as ever. Of course, I'd like to go home for a while and see the family; I miss my people; but, on the other hand, I don't have to go to the Assemblies, and that helps some!

The recruiting officers tell me that Piatt Andrew is to be made a Major and will remain in the Service — for which I am truly glad. Of course, with so many of the men leaving, we are busy breaking in new recruits. It is well that we are still "en repos." Andrew has treated this Section well. He has sent us a fine lot of men quite fully up to the standard to which we are accustomed. He told me that he had picked out for us the best he could. He certainly has.

You see, when it became likely that the American Army would take us over, many of the old men went into other branches of the American Service — Engineers' Corps, Aviation, Artillery, and Camouflage — the more interesting branches. So we have to replace very nearly one half of our force. For the most part, our fellows were college lads from the various universities and colleges of the country. Now, however, we have a wonderful variety, not only geographically speaking, but of human experience and outlook, and the accompanying list may afford a glimpse of the material that will form the new Section No. 625 of the Sanitary Field Service of the United States Army when it shall have been turned over officially, and of which I have the honor of remaining in command.

With such a varied crew of professional experts, one might found a new community, and yet, although the group as a whole may seem singular as assembled for the one purpose, the men uniformly are, nevertheless, splendidly willing workers, and all amenable to army discipline. Of course, their nerve has yet to be tested under fire, as we are still "en repos"; but

LIST OF THE MEN OF S.S.U. No. 1
AT THE TIME OF THE "PASSING OF THE VOLUNTEER"

Age		
19	Railway clerk	Pittsburgh
31	Life guard	California
18–19	Four college students	Yale, Haverford, Harvard, Michigan
27	School-teacher	Boston
20	Advertising agent	Chicago
32	Gold-miner	Iowa
18–20	Two bank clerks	Chicago and Pittsburgh
26	Garage owner	Providence
24	Wool merchant	Providence
20	Plumber	Pittsburgh
19	Salesman	New York
16–17	Three schoolboys	Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Coatesville
42	Stock-broker	Wilkes-Barre
22	Chauffeur	Boston
33	White slave investigator	New Bedford
32	Civil engineer	New York
26	Mechanical engineer	New York
39	Farmer	Philadelphia
32	City magistrate	New York
34	Newspaper writer	Pittsburgh
31	Professional swimmer	Newark

I firmly believe that they are going to turn out as fine a body of men as any squad in the field.

October 10. While in Paris, on my long-deferred "permission," I had our Section sign, our famous Indian Head which was painted for us by Tardieu on the Somme last year, used on our stationery as a heading for our Section. I tried to get the Army gray for the paper, but it seems that it cannot be done. The printer, however, made a pretty fair copy of Tardieu's emblem, I think. While it resembles the emblem of the Lafayette Escadrille, it differs from it in so far as their Indian is represented with his mouth open, uttering his great war-whoop, whereas our Indian is a nice Indian, who keeps his mouth shut.

I received a letter from Brooke Edwards the other day, and he is doing well, but does not expect actually to go Boche-hunting in the skies until the end of June. Paul Kurtz also is doing well and should be about beginning now.[1] Indeed, all our boys who have gone into aviation apparently are doing finely — especially Sam Walker, who is dropping iron eggs on submarines in the Navy Aviation Corps.

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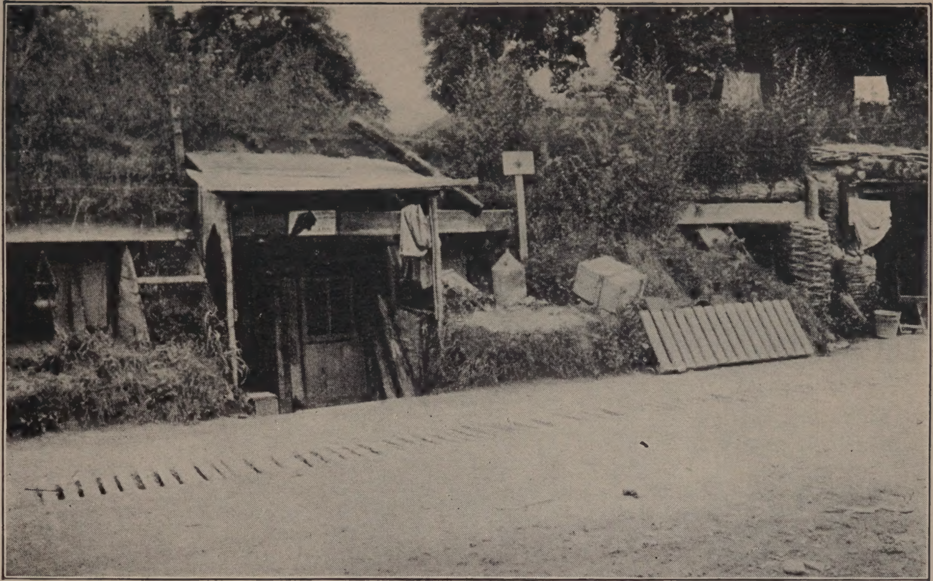
[1] Paul Kurtz was killed in May, 1918, just as he was beginning to do active service. See above, p. 11. (*Editor.*)

Baylies, however, is the wonder of the ages. After his adventure with the "Penguin," of which I sent you an account some time ago, he is now reported as rapidly bagging Boches. He surely is a great lad, and one of the nicest fellows you ever saw. I never met with a man who could stand "ragging" as he did when he was with us. And now he is on his way to being one of the notabilities of the Air Service.

This was a red-letter day. Quite a mail from home. Also letters from many friends. One from Ralph Pemberton's sister. It was very nice of her to take the trouble to write. If people only knew how good it is to feel one is not forgotten. Miss G. E. writes that she is taking care of

French babies near Lyons. Miss "Fifi" Spencer is getting bombed and shelled daily in Paris, working at the hospital out at Neuilly. It is really very much safer at the Front. Aside from a little gas now and then, we really live a life of surprising luxury and ease. And, by the way, judging from the number of prisoners each side claims to have captured, in a short time all the French and British will be in Germany, and all the Germans will be in France and England, and then each can take a hack at running the other fellow's country. This might be a good solution of this terrible mix-up on the subject of peace.

I met not long ago an American who, before the war, was employed to get the necessary concessions for the German Bagdad Railway. He says that they paid him $200,000 for his work. He was most interesting in his stories about the jug-



ABRI NEAR CHAULNES WOOD, WITH TARDIEU'S INDIAN-HEAD SIGN

gling of that railway, which, as every one knows now, doubtless, was one of the original hidden causes of the present scrap.

October 15. On my return I found the boys all on their toes for work. The spirit of them seems to be just the same even with the influx of some nine new men, and by the way, they have invented a new game to stop snoring in the barracks. When some one is found to be a disturber of the peace, they sprinkle bread-crumbs over him and add a little piece of cheese, and in about a minute there is sure to be a rush of rats over him which generally wakes up the victim with a yell!

They brought down a couple of Zeppelins near here. One of them must be fully seven hundred feet long; it lies clear across a valley the two ends resting on the hills on either side. It is beautifully finished. The Captain's cabin is all enamelled in white, and the various "nascelles" are of polished wood and metal just like high-priced motor boats. A regular ship's gangway connects them together. It has four motors of some three hundred horsepower each. Altogether a wonderful piece of work.

We are still quartered in a marvelous château belonging to the Comtes de Beaufremont. Parts of the edifice are Roman and the rest was erected about 1400, with additions as late as 1600. Some of the old fireplaces are superb, and we live finely, now that we have patched up the windows and part of the roof. There is a superb view, as we are on one of the high Vosges hills and can see the country for miles around. We are not far from Domrémy, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, and there are many interesting ruins near by, as well as fine places, such as a splendid château of the sixteenth century built by the Comtes d'Alsace.

The de Beaufremont family goes back to the thirteenth century. The more ancient ruins have oubliettes, fossés, and columbaria. The church is of fifteenth-century Gothic, built by Jean de Beaufremont who was killed at Agincourt.

It seems passing strange to see Americans here. But thank Heaven, the "Yanks" are now pouring into France — just in time, in the face of the Russian and the Italian débâcles. The men look well and are rapidly picking up modern warfare. The unfortunate cyclists, however, have to wear the large-brimmed sombrero and are compelled to steer in the wind with one hand, as they often must hold their hat with the other. Now, that's "some" job, believe me, on the slippery, muddy roads always packed with traffic! There are little things like that.

But seriously, c'est la guerre! THE

AMERICANS ARE HERE WITH THE STUFF. I would buy French bonds, British bonds, American bonds, and feel that the money was well spent. America at last is doing her full share, and SHE IS DOING IT WELL AND THOROUGHLY. Make no mistake about that. It's the real thing at last. I can't tell you how glad I feel, even though I don't anticipate much more fun out of the work from now on, after I become a full-fledged Lieutenant in the United States Army. But soon I will get accustomed to the routine, of course, and will learn the new job and like it.

I believe that, to begin with, I shall have to go to the technical School for American officers at Meaux, for a six weeks' course of intensive training this winter.

And, by the way, I figured out to-day, that if we kill off about 1,000,000 Germans per annum, and they produce 600,000 new ones — like most vermin, they breed very rapidly — it would take about one hundred and fifty years to exterminate them. We'll have to do better than we are doing, you see.

NOTE

On January 1, 1918, after many tribulations, complications, and adjustments, the American Ambulance Field Service finally and officially ceased to exist and became a part of the Ambulance Field Service of the United States Army. Simultaneously 21 Rue Raynouard, its headquarters, in its original form also passed out of existence. The latter event was marked by a grand celebration in Paris, which took the form of a memorable banquet attended by the many friends of the institution, now transformed into a Club.

S.S.U. No. 1, being on duty in Lorraine, was unable to attend the festivities that marked in Paris the passing of the American Volunteer. But the justified pride of the Section in its record, as well as its unalloyed loyalty to the American Flag

AT MEAUX

under which it felt honored to serve, had already been voiced by its leader on a former occasion in a simple speech to the boys. It is quite Napoleonic in its brevity, and Tacitus himself could not have said more in so few words: —

"Fellows: I had a little chat with the Médecin Chef this morning. We talked of what is coming and of what has been. I said I was anxious to get the Section up to the Front again. He replied: —

"'Ah, s'ils marchent comme les autres!'

"Do you know what that means? It means learning to drive by night exactly as if it were day, and without lights. It means driving with a gas mask, and it means never quitting. 'S'ils marchent comme les autres' has been my motto and my standard, ever since 'Huts' Townsend[1]

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[1] Herbert P. Townsend, of New York, succeeded Roger Balbiani as Adjutant Commander of Section 1, when the latter entered the Aviation Service.

Roger Balbiani's death was reported in May, 1918.

— the best leader the Section ever had — left us. I've copied his methods and tried to get the same type of men he had. I think I've succeeded. We have what we've always had: 'Pep' and Devotion. I expect it of Section No. 1 under the American Flag, just as it was taken for granted under the Tricolor.

"I think it is fitting to drink this day a silent toast, standing, to Our Dead: —

George Frederick Norton,
Benjamin Russell Woodworth,
and Howard B. Lines."[1]

He was American Chef de Section S.S.U. No. 1 at the time of the Battle of the Yser and of Ypres. He entered the Aviation Service, and Herbert P. Townsend took his place. He originally came from Cuba, but his family was well known in Paris. He won the Croix de Guerre while in the Ambulance Service. He had many friends who affectionately knew him as "Balbi." He was killed in action. (*Editor.*)

[1] Since then the necrology of the Section has more than doubled with the deaths of Paul B. Kurtz, Roger Balbiani, Roger Sherman Dix, Peter Avard, and I think others. (*Editor.*)

May Section No. 625 of the Ambulance Field Service, U.S.A., "live long and prosper." For, like Cicero, looking back, it may well proudly say: —

"Hoc maxime officii est, ut quisque maxime opis indigeat, ita ei potissimum opitulari."

That is: —

"This is our special duty, that if any one specially needs our help, we should give him such help to the utmost of our power." (Cicero, *de Officiis,* I, 15.)

The Editor

THE END

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